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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER V.—*The difficulties in the way of Reform.—The Pope issues a proclamation against popular assemblies.—Austria invades the Papal territory.—The resolute conduct of Pius IX.—The Council of State.—The condition of Rome at the close of the year 1847.*

IN the work of reform, which the Pope proposed to carry out, he found himself beset with many and serious difficulties. From the demonstrations which had taken place, and perhaps from the tone of the press, which he had emancipated, he readily perceived that many were anxious to hurry him to concessions at variance with the well-being of the state and the honor of his throne. To check this evil and if possible to moderate the expectations of those who look for reforms which prudence forbade him to grant, a proclamation was published on the 22d of June, 1847, by Cardinal Gizzi, in the name of the Pope, in which his Holiness, after alluding to the reforms which he thought it his duty to introduce, declared that he intended to persevere in the same course, but in doing so, to be governed by wisdom and prudence. The proclamation proceeds to say:

“His Holiness is firmly resolved to pursue the course of amelioration in every branch of the public administration which may require it, but he is equally resolved to do this only in a prudent and calculated gradation, and within the limits which belong essentially to the sovereignty and the temporal affairs of the head of the Church—a government which cannot adopt certain forms that would ruin even the existence of the sovereignty, or at least diminish that external liberty, that independence in the exercise of the supreme power, for which God willed that the Holy See should have a temporal principality. The Holy Father cannot forget the sacred duties which compel him to preserve intact the trust that has been confided to him.”

The Holy Father then, after enumerating certain reforms which he had introduced, thus mildly rebukes the wild popular demonstrations, which he foresaw would lead to the worse consequences if not restrained within proper bounds:

“The Holy Father has witnessed with deep regret, that certain restless minds are desirous of profiting by the present state of things to promulgate and establish doctrines and ideas totally contrary to his maxims, or to impose upon him

others entirely opposed to the tranquil and pacific nature and the sublime character of the person who is the vicar of Jesus Christ, the minister of a God of peace and the father of all Catholics, to whatever part of the world they may belong; and finally, to excite in the minds of the people, by speeches or writings, desires and hopes of reforms beyond the limits which his Holiness has indicated. As these persons are few in number, and the good sense and rectitude which govern the great majority of the people have hitherto rejected these insinuations, the Holy Father feels assured that they will never find a welcome among the people. But it is more easy to imagine than describe the grief of his Holiness at some horrible acts which have taken place in various provinces, and which are in open opposition to the peace and concord which he was desirous of establishing among his beloved subjects."

The effect of this proclamation was to restrain the enthusiasm of the people and restore, in some measure, the sobriety of the public mind. For some time after the publication of this proclamation, his Holiness was received in public with coldness and silence, which contrasted strangely with the enthusiasm which had greeted his appearance on former occasions. This was no doubt accomplished by the intrigues of the secret societies, which thus early begun to control the public sentiment at Rome. The members of these secret bodies, as subsequent events showed, were the prime movers in all the popular demonstrations of the period; loudest in proclaiming their loyalty, and in singing the praises of Pius IX; watching every movement and turning every thing to the ultimate object they kept steadily in view, that of subverting the throne.

The conduct of the Pope in pursuing a system of reform, in giving encouragement to works of internal improvement, and above all, the dignified independence of action assumed by the court of Rome, naturally created the jealousy and alarm of the neighboring governments. Austria had from the beginning manifested her opposition to the liberal course of policy pursued by Pius IX, and seemed eager for some pretext to cross the Po. Menacing notes had been repeatedly addressed by the Cabinet of Vienna to the Papal Court. At length, on the 17th of July, 1847, the city of Ferrara was forcibly occupied by a large body of Austrian troops. This was done under the pretext of protecting the Pope against a band of conspirators. This gross violation of the rights and dignity of an independent sovereign, was met by a spirited protest from Cardinal Ciacchi, the Apostolic Legate of the city and province of Ferrara, and an indignant demand on the part of the Papal government, through Cardinal Ferretti, the new secretary of state, for the withdrawal of the invading force. The bold attitude thus assumed by the government, as well as the irritation created by the insolent and menacing conduct of Austria, in a moment excited the military ardor of the nation and added to the hatred in which the foreign occupants of the soil of Italy were held by every true Italian. Though neither within the province nor the disposition of Pius IX to act the part of an aggressor, still, as a sovereign, he had rights to maintain, and as a patriot, a country to defend; and in the spirit of one and the courage of the other, he resolutely prepared, if negotiations should fail, to meet the invader with his own weapons. The people responded to their ruler, and even the cloistered monk was not insensible to the martial ardor of the hour, but proclaimed his readiness to don the harness of the warrior and wield the sword against the enemy.\*

\* Rome and its Ruler.

All the disposable troops were ordered to the frontiers; in the meantime, a body of volunteers called the National Guard was organized throughout the country, and its banners were solemnly blessed by the Pope. This determined conduct on the part of the Papal government, had the desired effect. Austria compromised the difference and withdrew the troops from Ferrara before any blow was struck.

In the spring of 1847, the Pope had announced his determination to institute and call together a body of men selected from the several provinces and the city of Rome, styled the Council of State. This assembly consisted of twenty-four members, in addition to the president, who was to be chosen from among the cardinals. Each province returned one member, the city of Bologna, two, and Rome and its vicinity, four. This council was intended to assist the Pope in the administration—to give its opinion on matters of government, on the preparation of laws, their modification, the imposition or reduction of taxes, and on all other matters involving the general interest of the state. This body assembled for the first time and was solemnly inaugurated by the Pope on the 15th of November, 1847, amidst the enthusiasm of the people. In reply to the address of the president, the Holy Father thanked the members for their warm expression of regard for his own person, and for the willingness they expressed to co-operate with him in all measures calculated to promote the well-being of the state. He reminded them of the high duties they were called to perform as his counselors and faithful advisors in the temporal administration of the government, and lest any one should mistake their position, he pointedly remarked:

"If any one shall take a different view of the functions you are called on to fulfil, he is materially mistaken, as well as he that would see in the Council of State, which I have created, the realization of his own Utopias, and the germ of an institution incompatible with the Pontifical sovereignty."

Having expressed his utmost confidence in the wisdom, prudence and fidelity of the deputies, he concluded his address in the following words:

"Go, then, with the blessing of heaven, and enter on your labors. May they prove fruitful in beneficial results, and conformable to the desires of my own heart."

The members of the council departed from the Quirinal, accompanied by a procession of the most imposing splendor. Waving banners, gorgeous equipages, glittering uniforms and costumes of every kind, added a brilliancy to the scene seldom witnessed even in Rome itself. The procession moved to St. Peter's, and after the blessing was solemnly invoked upon the newly instituted council, the members repaired to the chamber allotted for them in the Vatican, and there entered upon their labors. Their first act was to draw up an address to the Pope, in which, after expressing their admiration at the reforms granted by his Holiness, and their willingness to co-operate with him in his generous exertions to ameliorate the condition of his people, they conclude in the following words:

"We have often seen reforms imposed by popular exigencies developing themselves amidst tumults and collisions—their conquests achieved in tears and blood. But among us it is the chief, the ruler, who wishes to initiate us in the way of progress and reform. He directs the public mind in a peaceable movement and guides us towards the supreme end, which is the reign of justice and truth on earth."

While the exertions of Pius IX, in the cause of moderate and just reforms, excited the jealousy and alarm of some of the governments of Europe, they called forth the sympathy and the encouragement of every liberal and generous nation. From our own country in particular, the warmest expressions of approbation were wafted across the Atlantic. Meetings were held in various places to give utterance to the popular sentiment in favor of the reforms proposed by the occupant of the chair of St. Peter. Among other public demonstrations of this kind, was that held in the *Tabernacle*, New York, towards the close of the year 1847, at which many of the leading men of the country participated, and gave expression to their warmest sympathy and admiration. It was not a meeting of Catholics, but an assembly of American citizens generally, without regard to country or religion. Addresses were delivered and a series of resolutions passed, from which we subjoin the following as expressive of the feeling which governed the meeting :

“*Resolved*, That we present our most hearty and most respectful salutations to the sovereign Pontiff, for the noble part he has taken in behalf of his people; that knowing the difficulties with which he is surrounded at home, and the attacks with which he is menaced abroad, we honor him the more for the mild firmness with which he has overcome the one, and the true spirit with which he has repelled the other.”

Though surrounded by difficulties at home, the generous heart of the Pontiff was open to the wants and suffering abroad. During this and the previous year, the heavy hand of affliction weighed upon unhappy Ireland. No sooner did the voice of distress reach the ear of Pius IX, than it found a response in his benevolent breast. At once he caused collections in the Church of Rome to be made in behalf of the afflicted people; in the meantime he sent to Ireland, out of his own slender means, a munificent contribution to the relief of the suffering. Early in February, 1847, a number of Irish, Scotch and English residents at Rome, who had formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of collecting contributions, waited on his Holiness to express their thanks for his generous liberality, and expressed themselves in the following words :

“We desire to express to your Holiness our lively acknowledgment for the benevolent and spontaneous manner in which you have signified to us, through Dr. Cullen, your charitable and generous intention of contributing a thousand scudi to the same object. We also beg your Holiness to permit us to express our belief that the sentiment which at this moment animates our hearts, will be deeply felt, not only by the English now in Rome, but in every portion of the British empire.”

The following reply of his Holiness, expresses the noble and generous sentiments of his heart :

“It affords me great consolation to see so many benevolent gentlemen from every part of the United Kingdom, engaged in so excellent a work of charity, exerting themselves to arrest the progress of famine, and striving to alleviate the dreadful distress of their brethren in Ireland. Were the means at my command more extensive, I should not limit myself to the little I have done in a cause in which I feel the warmest sympathy. To supply the want of a large contribution, I shall pray with fervor to the Almighty, beseeching him to look with mercy on his people, to remove the scourge that afflicts them, and to give peace, happiness and abundance to the country.”

The Pope's personal contribution, added to that collected through his instru-



mentality, amounted to 12,000 scudi, which was sent to the suffering poor of Ireland.

The condition of Italy towards the close of the year 1847, gave indications of an approaching storm. Messina was in a state of agitation; Palermo was menaced with insurrection; a rising in Milan was hourly anticipated; a feverish, unsettled feeling prevailed in Rome. Though order still reigned in the city, a bold and defiant spirit was daily more and more manifested among the masses. The military spirit that had been aroused by the enrolment of the National Guard, had created an excitement among the people, which the leaders of the secret societies would not suffer to cool. The cry of war against Austria was everywhere heard. The expulsion of the "foreigners" from Italy and "Italian nationality," became the theme of every conversation, and the partizans of Mazzini were artfully plotting the destruction of the government and the subversion of the throne; they were loud in their praises and boisterous in their protestations of fidelity to Pius IX. M.

To be continued.

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### THE FRESCOES OF ANDREA ORCAGNA IN THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.

"There needs not choral song, nor organ's pealing:—  
This mighty cloister of itself inspires  
Thoughts breathed like hymns from spiritual choirs;  
While shades and lights, in soft succession stealing,  
Along it creep, now veiling, now revealing  
Strange forms, here traced by painting's earliest sires,—  
Angels with palms; and purgatorial fires;  
And saints caught up, and demons round them reeling.  
Love, long remembering those she could not save,  
Here hung the cradle of Italian Art."—*Aubrey De Vere.*

THE revival of painting and architecture in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, brought about the establishment of an entirely new style of perfection, which emanating as it did from christian hands and from fervid spiritual impulses, proved another triumph over paganism, and paved the way for that glorious epoch in Catholic arts, which opened to the wondering world the crowning masterpieces of a De Vinci, a Michael Angelo and a Raphael.

The discovery of gunpowder and the invention of printing, which immediately preceded the revival of the fine arts, had their own influence in bringing about this great innovation; for the former, by rendering all strongholds of man untenable, destroyed the system of baronial usurpation, and enabled the people to devote their energies to commerce and to all useful occupations, with greater security, and consequently with far greater success. Printing, by disseminating the ancient lore and the more modern sciences, spread a new spirit of enquiry and research, and brought about a cultivated taste for all species of information.

To this new impulse, which quickly spread itself throughout the whole range of the intellectual and perceptive faculties of man, I believe to be due that extraordinary improvement which evinced itself in the fifteenth century, when all Europe, but more particularly Italy, became fertile with great masters.

Among the earliest of the schools of painting which distinguished themselves, was that of Tuscany, which gave to the world more prominent painters and sculptors than probably any other nation in the world. She gave birth to Cimabue, the first of any distinction, and to Giotto, his pupil, who rose even to greater eminence. Dante, in his *Divina Commedia* (*Purgatorio*, xi, 94), thus speaks of the latter :

"Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo: ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Sicchè la fama di colui oscura."  
"Cimabue thought  
To lord it over painting's field; and now  
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed."—*Cary's Trans.*

Giotto possessed a powerful talent and great ingenuity, and during his career, which was one of unlimited success, he added much to the art, by his successes and improvements in composition and expression. His figures had less conventional stiffness, and he was about the first to throw off all traces of the Byzantine, which till then had usurped the entire field of painting. He enriched many of the cities of Italy with his works, of which the frescoes in the church of San Francisco at Assisi, appear to have been the most extensive.

Of the immediate successors of Giotto, and one who exerted the greatest influence in the progress of the art, was Andrea di Cione, surnamed L'Arcagnuolo, or in its more contracted form, Orcagna. Although it is considered he never eclipsed Giotto in his paintings, yet his compositions have claimed a greater amount of attention, and bespeak a mind and talent far superior to his predecessor, whose steps he followed. A cotemporary has placed him on the same envious footing as the poet of the *Divina Commedia*, with the exception that the subordinate degree of his technical cultivation, is not equal to the perfection of Dante's *terza-rima*.

Orcagna flourished in the second half of the fourteenth century, and was distinguished not only for his painting, but also as a sculptor and an architect, for which he was greatly celebrated. The Loggia de'Lanzi in the Piazza Granduca at Florence, the monastery of Or San Michele, and the magnificent Tabernacle of the Holy Virgin of that monastery, are a few of his many labors which have gained him such renown.

The most remarkable of his productions, however, and those which have created the most universal attention, are his frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, which have succeeded the now almost obliterated ones of the great Giotto.

The Campo Santo is a cemetery; probably the oldest and certainly the most celebrated in the world. It is a splendid structure, 415 feet in length, and 138 in width, surrounded on the inside by a series of beautiful gothic arcades sixty-two in number, of the whitest marble. The pavement is also laid with the same material. It was founded in the year 1200, by the Archbishop Ubaldo Lanfranchi, and erected in the course of the same century by Giovanni Pisano, who enclosed it with high walls, as if to preserve it forever a monument of his own skill. It contains a vast collection of sepulchral monuments of a varied character, antique, singular and beautiful, which have become doubly interesting from their great age and historical connections. The rise, prosperity and decay of the once great republic is here transcribed, and the visitor in passing

through its massive, solemn corridors, cannot repress a feeling of awe and veneration for those impressive memorials which recall to mind the sanctity, the chivalry and romance of those early ages.

"Monumental marbles,  
Time-clouded frescoes, mouldering year by year,  
Dim cells in which all day the night-bird warbles—  
These things are sorrowful elsewhere, not here:  
A mightier Power than Art's hath here her shrine:  
Stranger! thou tread'st the soil of Palestine!"

On the east side of the enclosure is a fine chapel, and on the north side two smaller ones, and immediately facing them on the south, are the two entrances. This space contains the earth which was brought by Ubaldo from Mount Calvary in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Fifty-five galleys of the republic were employed to transport it, covered with glass and insignia, and accompanied by the principal dignitaries of Pisa. It is said to possess the power of consuming a dead body in the space of twenty-four hours.

The cloisters though, to which we will now direct our steps, possesses to the stranger the most attractive features. They are forty-six feet in height from the pavement to the roof, and about thirty-five wide; the collection of monuments here are very interesting, not only for their history, but for their extraordinary beauty and massive chiselling, which well accords with the great minds for which they were constructed. The walls from top to bottom are covered with a profusion of frescoes by Giotto, Bernardo, Gozzoli and others, the most ancient of which on the north wall, are the ones to which we wish to arrest the attention of our readers. These are the celebrated works of Orcagna, executed about the middle of the fourteenth century, and were intended to represent in four great compartments, what the Italians call *I quattro novissimi*, &c., the four last things: Death, Judgment, Hades, and Paradise. But three only of the four were completed, and so strikingly do they represent that period of art, when conventionality of form was fast being discarded, and the richly poetical and allegorical nature of the subject were so beautifully humanized, that you are immediately carried back to the days of the saints, and you behold the full and enthusiastic fervor which animated not only the compositions, but the deeds and words of that early period.

The first of these three paintings is called the Triumph of Death. On the right is a company of ladies and cavaliers, superbly dressed, seated under an arbor enjoying themselves. A rich carpet is spread out before them; musicians are regaling them with sweet music; *amorini* flutter above their heads, and all the pleasures of the world seem to be at their command. On the left, Death approaches, brandishing a scythe. She is a wild, fearful-looking woman, with a scowling visage, and hair streaming in the wind; she has immense dusky wings, like those of a bat, hooked claws, and wears a drapery of twisted wire. Nothing can be so ghastly, boding or terrible as this huge avenger, as she sweeps onward to cut off the joys of this festive company. Behind her are a troop of beggars and cripples, with their arms extended as if imploring her to end their sufferings, but she heeds them not. Immediately beneath her are two or three rows of dead bodies, seemingly just buried, who from their crowns and insignia, are to represent the various kings, queens and rulers of the earth.

Their souls rise out of them in the form of new-born infants, and the air is filled with angels and devils fighting and carrying off those which belong to them.

The angels are beautiful spirits, with long, graceful pinions, gay colors and of the form of birds. They carry off the souls of the righteous to the blest regions of light, while the demons, in all manner of terrible and uncouth shapes, with prongs and forks drag their victims howling through the air, and precipitate them with a fiendish glee into the mouth of a fiery mountain on the right. A rising ground separates this part of the picture from another, where a troop of gay ladies and gentlemen, richly attired, are returning from the hunt. They are attended by servants in sumptuous liveries, and their horses are splendidly caparisoned. Turning an angle of a cliff, they come upon three open sepulchres, in which lie the bodies of three noble princes in different stages of decay. Close by is a monk, crippled with age and infirmities and supported by crutches, who holds in one hand a scroll of paper, while with the other he points out to the company this bitter "*memento mori*." Some of them affect to be very indifferent, and one of them, a gay-looking gallant, turns his head aside and puts his finger to his nose to avoid the horrible smell. One lady alone rests her head upon her hand and seems to be deeply afflicted; her beautiful countenance is full of sorrow, and the whole attitude and expression of the figure exquisitely graceful and touching.

On the mountains overlooking this group, stands a monastery with some monks seated before it, who from a life of contemplation and retirement, have evidently reached a period of existence not granted to those of the lower world. This contrast is well timed, and the lesson it inculcates is made doubly impressive by the high finish of the painting and the natural attitude of the figures. One of the hermits is engaged in milking a doe, another is seated on a bench, reading; birds and squirrels play in peaceful security about him; and a third, leaning upon his crutch, looks down into the valley, where the world and its pleasures are fast fleeing away.

The composition of this work is in every way ingenious, and fully establishes the claims of Orcagna to a high position in painting as well as architecture. "It is the work of a profound and imaginative artist," says Kugler, "who has succeeded in representing his conception of life and death in a painted poem, full of the deepest meaning, yet requiring neither symbol nor allegory to express the ideas contained in it, and the more effective from this direct union between the representation and its import."

The second of these paintings represents the Last Judgment. The conception and arrangement of this piece is even more admirable than the first, although the studious positions in some parts show the lingering of conventionality, from which the master had not yet wholly become released. Occupying the highest of the central portion of the picture, Christ and His Holy Mother are enthroned in separate glories, the radiance of a sun bursting round their heads. Wrath is depicted on his countenance, and his right arm is raised in the act of condemning the wicked to everlasting torments. The Holy Virgin, with a fullness of sorrow, averts her head and seems terrified at the ban of eternal condemnation which has just been pronounced. Her mien is touchingly graceful, and the face a mirror of heavenly sweetness and sanctity. Ranged on either side are the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Law, and next to them the disciples and other saints, exemplifying to the fullest, the grave and dignified

solemnity of the chosen of God. Angels bearing the Cross and other emblems of the Passion, hover over their heads, while in the centre are a group of four, who with their brazen trumpets are summoning the dead from their graves; one of them unfurls to the world the promises of the Redeemer, while another crouches underneath his drapery to avoid the terrifying spectacle.

The bottom of the picture is filled with the dead risen to life. On the left are the condemned, shrinking under the condemnation of the Almighty: their faces turned toward hell, which is open to receive them. Here may be seen old and young, hideous and beautiful, hurried promiscuously together, pursued by angels and their features exhibiting every species of despair, helplessness and remorse.

On the right, however, are the blessed; the contrast is happily conceived and the minutia perfectly executed. Their hands are raised in prayer and every eye transfixed with the beatitude and glory of the heavenly vision. Angels of celestial mien and clad like warriors, are protecting their charges or receiving the devout as they ascend from the earth. Some ludicrous scenes are here introduced; for instance, King Solomon, when he rises from the grave, seems perplexed as to which side he should turn, the right or the left. Behind him an angel is seen dragging a hypocritical monk by the hair of the head from the ranks of the blessed, where he had introduced himself, and consigning him to the damned, while in another place a noble angel is bearing a young ecclesiastic from amidst the condemned to the region of happiness. These figures are all majestically drawn, and indeed places him as a co-equal with Michael Angelo, who borrowed the attitudes of both Christ and the Blessed Virgin for his celebrated picture of the Last Judgment, at Rome. In fact, so high was this particular painting held in the estimation of the masters of that period, that scarcely a design of the same subject was ever made afterwards that did not betray some imitation of Orcagna: even Raphael himself, that most glorious of spiritual painters, copied his arrangement of the patriarchs, remarkable for their solemn mien and majestic attitudes: and the great Fra Bartolomeo, who united with a lofty imagination the very essence of sanctity, scrupled not to extract from him, as from a vine laden with delicious fruit.

The third of these remarkable pictures represents the interior of Hell. It appears like an immense subterranean furnace, divided into four galleries or compartments, rising one above the other, where the condemned are undergoing a variety of horrible tortures. Lucifer is enthroned in the centre, his hands resting upon his knees and his face lit up with a most fiendish exultation. His figure, which is of an enormous size, is in itself a fiery cauldron, where sinners are being crushed and mangled with a more diabolical ferocity than was ever thought of in the "*Inferno*." His hair is bristling with snakes and reptiles. Vipers are coiled about his arms and legs, and are employed biting the damned, whose bones are already being crushed and mangled under the claws and hoofs of Satan.

In the lower tier, immediately under his feet, are a number of geens and princes, who are suffering the most shocking cruelties from monsters more hideous than Satan himself, with furious eyes, heads like hippopotamuses and mouths like hungry tigers. Some of these sinners are spitted upon rods, while vampires and bats feed upon their flesh and reptiles seize them with their stings.

One old-looking man, with a long beard, is being sawed in two, while another, stretched upon his back, is gorged with boiling pitch.

It would be both too tedious and revolting to attempt a description of each of these chambers, with all their peculiar punishments; one can only wonder at the extraordinary ingenuity of the artist, who seems to have abandoned himself to a demonographic inspiration, with all the recklessness of a devil, bent on producing a frightful nightmare. Dante himself never conceived a more terrible phantasmagoria, nor pictured such a frightful combination of terror.

Yet in this remarkable picture, Orcagna lost his reputation. He has been charged with grossness and villified for the monstrosity of his conceptions; but if hell is to be painted, what conception can be too violent or diabolical. The execution of it is certainly not so perfect as the two former paintings, and the lower portion of it—which was altered and repainted in the sixteenth century to suit the whims of the day—is not at all so vigorous or so well painted as the original. It has been said that Orcagna only designed this picture and left it to his brother Bernardo to paint, who of course was not in the strain to do it justice.

The fourth painting, which was to have completed this grand cycle, Orcagna never accomplished. The step probably from Hades to Paradise was too great an obstacle. It would be difficult indeed, after gorging himself with the cannibalisms of the one, to compose his mind for all the empyreal joys and refulgent beauty of the other. In its place is substituted the Life of the Hermits in the Wilderness of Thebais, ascribed by Vasari to Pietro Laurati, which might be considered as a continuation of the Triumph of Death.

Next to the pictures just described, are a number of paintings of the same period by different authors, which would occupy too much space to enumerate. On the south wall are some animated frescoes representing the history of Job, ascribed to Giotto. The first subject, in which Jehovah, surrounded by angels, gives audience to Satan, is very beautiful and dignified, and throughout the whole work the arrangement and distribution of figures bespeak a cultivated feeling for that particular branch.

On the north wall there are various subjects by Pietro, beginning at the Creation and terminating with the Deluge. They were executed in the latter part of the fourteenth century, "and evince," says Kugler, "a serious feeling on holy subjects, and at the same time a cheerful and natural treatment of the circumstances of life."

These remarkable paintings are unfortunately all more or less injured, but even in their remains we can trace a degree of excellence almost approaching that of a later school. Those of Orcagna are essentially the purest; and although characterized by a stiffness and severity, still reflect a peculiar pathos, a mildness and serenity which show that the artist entered into his subject with intense care and study.



## MEMOIR OF THE BARON DE KALB.

*Extracts from a Memoir of the Baron De Kalb, read at the meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, 7th January, 1858, by J. Spear Smith, Esq.*

JOHN, Baron de Kalb, Baron de Kalsbriitt, &c. was born in 1732, near Nuremberg, in the dominions of Prussia. At an early age he entered the service of France, as a cadet, in a German regiment. He rose by degrees to the rank of General of Brigade, and, in reward of his gallantry, was made a Knight of the Royal Order of Merit. Serving through the whole of the seven years war, and uniting a close study of the military art, with its practice in the field and in garrison, he became an accomplished soldier. The treaty of peace of 1763, put an end to his active duties and threw him into retirement.

This inactivity was not of long duration, as, soon after the date of the treaty, he was selected by the Duke de Choiseul to visit America for the purpose of inquiring into the military capabilities, political condition, and popular sentiment of the British Colonies.

This visit to these colonies had made him intimately acquainted with their resources and means of defence, and the indomitable character of their people. Sympathizing with them in their resistance to oppression, whilst participating ardently in the repinings excited by the ruinous peace of 1763, he was foremost in the proffer of his assistance. His zeal in the cause seems to have admitted of no procrastination, and to have led him to an early interview with the American agents, Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane. After several conferences he finally came to an agreement with them.

Among the important objects of the agency of these gentlemen in Paris, was that of securing the services of capable officers, not only for commands, but to assist, with their experience, in training our undisciplined levies for the field. In November, 1776, the Baron signed his contract with Mr. Deane, as well for himself as for Capt. Du Bois Martin and a few others, he had the privilege of nominating. His engagement was to serve the United States under the orders of Congress, and in return, to have the rank of major-general, with its incidents; his aids to be majors. The contract being executed, he at once entered on the task of obtaining other defenders of the American cause, from the ranks of the French army. Among those who, at the time were entertaining the same desire of uniting in the contest, was the Marquis De Lafayette, the most renowned, and the most important. Though strongly opposed by his family and his friends, he yet, at a conference with De Kalb, came to his final decision. His agreement with Mr. Deane was signed in December, being one month later than that of the Baron. He also was to have the rank of major-general.

As France had not yet declared war, all the movements of these officers had to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Not the least of their difficulties was to get out of France either by land or sea, so closely were they watched by the British Ambassador and their own authorities. They could not openly charter a vessel, nor could they embark at any of the French ports. Capt. Du Bois Martin seems to have been the efficient agent, who, by his activity and boldness, overcame all impediments. At the time, he was a captain of infantry of a regiment stationed at St. Domingo, but had previously been in the French

navy. By means of his brother, who was in the civil service, he had an interview with the Marquis, and then solved the difficulty, by proposing that the latter should supply the means of purchasing a vessel. This proposal was accepted without hesitation, and Du Bois Martin empowered to make the purchase. This, as he says, "I accomplished that very night before I slept." The vessel being equipped, the gallant officers who were to sail in her to our shores had the good fortune, through many perils, and in various disguises, to elude their pursuers, and to make a speedy and safe embarkation. They sailed from the small Spanish port of Passage in March, 1777, and after a tedious voyage, arrived at Winyaw Bay, in South Carolina, in the following June.

The reception of these officers by the people of Charleston was so gratifying, and indeed, enthusiastic, as to have largely added to the satisfaction they felt in having undertaken so gallant an adventure. But more important matters than cordial greetings and brilliant fêtes were before them, and after a brief sojourn, they took their departure for the north.

On their arrival at Philadelphia, Congress, after some painful delays, ratified the appointment of the Marquis to the rank of major-general, on the last of July. This enabled him to be earlier in the field than De Kalb, who encountered still greater difficulty. He did not receive his commission until the 15th of September. It was, however, antedated, so as to be contemporaneous with that of the Marquis. General Conway, then a brigadier, warmly opposed the appointment of the former, urging that he was a new man, had seen no service here, was his inferior in the French army, and therefore should not now be made to outrank him. But Congress feeling bound to redeem the pledges given by its agents abroad, turned a deaf ear to the complaints of this turbulent and conceited officer, and in the end fulfilled the compact between Mr. Deane and the Baron. From that moment until his death he devoted himself zealously to the responsible charges entrusted to him.

In March, 1780, we find De Kalb at the head of the troops which defended the lines, from Elizabethtown to Amboy, and in April, being put in command of the Maryland Division, he was ordered to the South. When these orders were received, the Division was at Morristown, but no time was permitted to elapse, before its march was begun. It was composed, as usual of the Maryland and Delaware battalions. Throughout the war, they acted as one body, and wherever the storm of battle raged fiercest, or the deadly strife was the most desperate and sanguinary, there were they ever foremost. To be selected for the command of such men was a high honor, one too, for which De Kalb was deeply grateful, and which he was always proud to acknowledge.

At Deep River, where he arrived on the 6th July, he was overtaken by Gen. Gates, who had been appointed by Congress, not by Washington, to the chief command, in the South. The success at Saratoga, had given him a high repute, for military genius, and the most unbounded confidence was reposed in his ability, by the country. Not so, however, by those who knew him better. De Kalb received him with all the military honors, due to his rank, and handed over to him the command of the men, he had so well conducted, through intense sufferings, to the scene of action. When the Baron was chosen by Washington, the South was under the command of Gen. Lincoln, to whose aid the Maryland division was detached. But, should any untoward event displace the latter, De Kalb would necessarily occupy the vacant post. The

capitulation of Charleston, in May, caused Lincoln to return to the North, and that event, for which the prudence of Washington had prepared, resulted to the command devolving on the Baron. Gates however, succeeded in counteracting the effects of this forecast, and of these effective precautions, of the commander in chief. The latter, it was well known, would have given the preference to Gen. Greene, should Congress determine to confide the Southern Department, to some other than De Kalb. Gates had been for some time, in fact, making the most zealous efforts to obtain this honorable position. It would thwart Washington, minister to his own ambition, and, from the imperfect means of intercommunication of the period, render him nearly independent of the authority of one, to whose high place, he enviously aspired, and to supplant whom, he had entered into the cabal of Conway and others.

The enemy being at Camden, under Lord Rawdon, De Kalb had determined to make a circuitous march from Deep River, through a region where his men could be well supplied; and with that aim, he was preparing to establish magazines and hospitals.

As soon, however, as Gates assumed the command, he announced his intention to march, in as direct a road as possible, to Camden. All the officers remonstrated against this rash step, urging the impracticability of the intervening country, its utter barrenness, and the debilitating effects on the men, of such an exposure,—that they would be worn down, from want of food, and thus reach the enemy's post, enfeebled and dispirited by exhaustion and sickness. The Adjutant General, O. H. Williams, presented these objections, with all the force of his great ability and eminent soldiiership. The Virginia cavalry officers also, begged him to delay but a few days, in order that their men might join them, and thus, have an available force of horse added to his command. He obstinately refused, expecting to find the enemy greatly his inferior in numbers, and saying that Armand's troop would suffice. It consisted of but sixty men. He reached the camp on the 25th July, and put the army en route, on the 27th—merely occupying these two days, in reviewing the troops, and in issuing orders, for their departure. On the 13th of August they encamped at Rugely's Mills, or Clermont, and as had been foreseen, the men were reduced in efficiency, by hunger, fatigue and dysentery. Here he received advices from Gen. Sumpter, with a request for a reinforcement of his small band, to enable him to capture a British convoy, on its way to Camden. Gates, without the least hesitation, complied, and detached four hundred men and two pieces of artillery, under Col. Woolford of Maryland. One hundred of these men were regulars. This was another false step, for, on the eve of assailing the enemy, his whole force should have been kept well together, in order to meet the varied contingencies of a conflict, and the more so, as the number of his adversaries was only conjectural. Moreover, if he proved victorious, the convoy would, necessarily, have fallen into his hands, and if defeated, it would, as surely, be recaptured should Sumpter have succeeded. So, it turned out, having been retaken by Tarleton, after its seizure by Sumpter, with the loss also, of the greater part of Woolford's men.

As soon as Lord Rawdon got wind of the approach of Gates, he drew in all his outposts, strengthened his defences with redoubts, and awaited the assault. But, being joined by Lord Cornwallis with a strong reinforcement, they determined to assume the offensive. Their army numbered full three thousand men

most of them veterans, but all well enured to discipline, and to battle, having also a strong body of cavalry, under Tarleton, and six heavy cannon. Except a body of North Carolinians, they were all regulars, and even this battalion had served so long as to have become equal to their associates.

The morning report of Adjutant General Williams, puts the American army at three thousand and fifty men, of whom more than one-half were militia, and the larger portion of these were now for the first time in presence of an enemy. To these must be added seven pieces of artillery and the handful of horse under Lt. Col. Armand. Thus, numerically the adversaries were nearly equal. In their qualifications for battle, there was the greatest disparity. Viewing them in this light, the Americans were outnumbered in the proportion of two to one, with the disadvantage also of a vast inferiority in cavalry.

It was determined by a forced march to take the enemy by surprise to fall on him at dawn, and achieve an easy victory.

Cornwallis, prompted by a like motive, left Camden about the same hour to beat up the quarters of the Americans at Clermont. The advanced guards of the two armies met in the dark, at midnight, and after a skirmish of some minutes fell back on their respective lines. In this affair Col. Porterfield of Virginia was wounded, and afterwards made prisoner. Both generals determined to pause until day-light to form their order of battle. And now to his utter astonishment, Gates learnt from a prisoner that the enemy was commanded by Cornwallis in person, and that he had brought with him from Charleston a strong addition to the detachment at Camden. This led to another council of war, in which it was rashly concluded to "fight." This gallant, but imprudent decision failed to receive the approval of De Kalb, Williams, and others of the Continental line, they preferring to return to the defensible ground at Clermont, and the more so, as the intended surprise had entirely failed. When Williams summoned De Kalb to the council, the Baron said: "Well, has the general given you orders to retreat the army." A stolid indifference to such opinions being clearly manifested, preparations were made, and by both parties, for the eventful struggle.

The two armies being drawn up, the battle began at dawn on the 16th August by the interchange of discharges of their artillery. Williams to inspirit the militia of the left, led forward a body of skirmishers in its front. He hoped also by this step to check the enemy, and by it to still further encourage these untried men, lest their want of steadiness under fire, should prove fatal to the day. The effort was fruitless. The British right, with loud shouts, advanced rapidly, and pouring in a brisk fire, so appalled the militia of the American left, that they broke, threw down their muskets and fled, taking with them all the N. Carolina militia, except four hundred men under Col. Dixon. These bravely stood their ground for sometime. De Kalb now ordered up Smallwood with his reserve to fill the gap, and unite with Gist. But, his numbers were not sufficient to completely extend to the swamp. Still, he arrested the onward course of the enemy, and the whole line now became engaged. Reduced as was the American army by the flight of the militia, yet it never flinched, but contested every inch of ground with heroic courage. Borne back by the unequal pressure of the foe, they as often rallied and caused them in return to recede. It was now a strife of the bayonet, fighting hand to hand, man to man in this desperate conflict. Never, on any field, was there a greater dis-

play of indomitable fortitude, and chivalric bearing. De Kalb still bent on success, re-formed his shattered ranks for another assault on the British line, now re-inforced by their reserve. All rallied to the call, and placing himself in their front, he led on that last, and fearful attack by which he hoped, if not to gain the mastery, to at least inflict such a loss to the enemy as would secure his retreat. Well did they breast the serried ranks of their adversaries, and well too, was the work of death done by the bayonets of Maryland. But, in this great crisis of their fate, De Kalb fell at the head of his devoted followers, pierced with eleven wounds. Despite even this sad event, Smallwood's brigade, and Gist still maintained the unequal struggle, when Cornwallis, amazed at so obstinate a resistance, ordered his light infantry to push round the American left, and thence to its rear. And seeing that his opponents were without cavalry, he instantly brought up his own. It promptly obeyed the order, and at this eventful moment, made a furious charge on the Americans, worn, and staggering under the unceasing blows of overpowering numbers. Now, did the refusal of Gates to await the assemblage of his own cavalry, till with fatal effect. The proposed delay would have averted the ruinous discomfiture which ensued. For, had our gallant mounted men led on by Col. Washington, been in the field, Tarleton would have been bravely met, and held at bay, during which the desperate onslaught of De Kalb, might have changed the fate of the day. Infantry and dragoons thus, came crushing down on the fragments of the American line, and threw it into inextricable confusion. Nearly surrounded by their opponents, and with no corps of horse to shield them from that of the enemy, or to cover a retreat, it was impossible for them to re-form, or to retire in a body from this terrible *melée*. It became, from necessity, a *sauve qui peut*, each man shifting for himself. Fortunately, the adjoining morasses, to which numbers of them retired, afforded shelter from the brutal troopers of Tarleton.

Generals Gates, Stevens and Casswell did all in their power to rally the flying militia, but in vain, and they with Armand's horse, were swept along, by the retreating tide. Gates, not knowing that De Kalb was still battling for victory, and supposing the whole force had fled, retired to Charlotte, some sixty miles from the scene. The air indeed was so still and the smoke so dense, as to shut out all that was passing. Thus ended the battle of Camden, as wrong in its conception as it was defective in military arrangements, yet ever memorable for the signal gallantry of the Maryland and Delaware lines. It was the most disastrous of the whole war. Artillery, small arms, ammunition, baggage wagons, with their contents, fell, without exception, into the hands of the enemy. All was lost, save the honor of the heroic sons of Maryland and Delaware, whose prowess extorted, even from Britons, the meed of praise.

On the fall of De Kalb, his aide Col. Dubuysson, raising him in his arms, and showing him to the surrounding enemies, stated his rank, and implored them to spare him. In thus exposing himself to save his chief, he also was wounded and made prisoner. Whilst prostrate and disabled, the British soldiers, with their characteristic cruelty, were still thrusting their bayonets into the fallen general. And, in their savage greed for plunder, they even stripped him to his shirt. The entreaties of Dubuysson at last prevailed, and after the fell excitement of the strife had subsided, with unwonted humanity on their part, they extended to him every succor in their power.

The Baron De Kalb was six feet in height, erect and well-proportioned, with a manly face and an agreeable expression. In his habits he was remarkably abstemious, and had trained himself to the endurance of the severest hardships. Respected and beloved by his troops, he was distinguished for his sagacity in council, a wary circumspection in his preparations, and for his fearless chivalry in battle. He was well read in the best English, German and French authors, speaking these languages with fluency. He married Anne Elizabeth Van Robais, by whom he had three children, two sons and one daughter. Thé elder of the sons perished on the revolutionary scaffold of France, in 1793. The second, the Baron Elie De Kalb, who served with distinction in the French army, married Elise Signard, and had two children, a son who died in early life, and a daughter, Leonore. She married the Viscount d'Alzac, and they are now residing at Milou near Paris. They have five sons. Anne Marie Caroline, the daughter of Major-General Baron De Kalb, married Jean Luc Geymuller, a Swiss officer in the French army. They left three sons and one daughter. Thus the name of De Kalb is extinct, the descendants bearing the names of D'Alzac and Geymuller.

In Congress, on 14th October, 1780, it was—

*Resolved*, That a Monument be erected to the memory of the late Major-General the Baron De Kalb, in the city of Annapolis in the State of Maryland, with the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE BARON DE KALB,  
Knight of the Royal Order of Military Merit,  
Brigadier of the Armies of France,  
And  
Major-General in the Service of the United States of America.  
Having served with Honor and Reputation for three years,  
He gave a last and glorious Proof of his Attachment to the  
Liberties of Mankind and the Cause of America,  
In the Action near Camden, in the State of South Carolina,  
On the 16th of August, 1780;  
Where, leading on the Troops of the Maryland and  
Delaware Lines against Superior Numbers,  
And animating them by his Example to Deeds of Valor,  
He was pierced with many Wounds, and  
On the 19th following expired, in the 48th Year of his Age,  
The Congress of the United States of America,  
In Gratitude to his Zeal, Services, and Merit,  
Have erected this Monument.

It is painful to know that this resolution has never been carried into effect. For this omission on the part of our revolutionary ancestors, when we remember their destitution, their anxious moments, and the countless difficulties claiming their daily attention, there is much of apology. But for their descendants no such exemption can be invoked. Ample opportunity and leisure, with no stinted means, have been at their bidding. The ungrateful neglect still exists, though the attention of the Federal Government has been repeatedly invited to the discharge of this patriotic duty. It should be ever cherished as a sacred bequest from patriot sires, to be religiously fulfilled by their more opulent descendants.



His remains, however, are not unhonored. They were interred at Camden, and the citizens of South Carolina have erected over them a beautiful structure, recounting his heroism and devotion to the cause he so generously espoused. It is a monument suited to its purpose, ennobling its authors whilst transmitting to after times an apt exemplar of their patriotism and his worth. It is still more endeared, from the corner-stone having been laid in 1825, by Lafayette, the companion in arms and devoted friend of De Kalb.

There were certain arrears of pay due to him at the time of his death, and in 1819 his heirs petitioned Congress for their liquidation. By the urgent advocacy of Mr. Lowndes of South Carolina, a grant of some land in Ohio was awarded to them. From their ignorance of the laws of the country, they found, when endeavoring to turn this grant to account, that the land had been sold for taxes. All attempts to recover it were fruitless. They consequently, at a later period, again appealed to the bounty of Congress. Just as these claims proved to be, after undergoing the severest scrutiny, they were yet slurred over, from session to session, until 1855. An act was then passed, which provides that, "in consideration of the claims, services and sacrifices of the late Major-General Baron De Kalb in the war of the revolution," there be paid to his children and heirs the sum of sixty-six thousand and ninety dollars and seventy-six cents. The Legislature of Maryland had strongly urged the payment of these claims, and the Hon. Henry May, one of her representatives in Congress, was mainly instrumental in having her behests fulfilled.

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TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Frail tenant of this lowly earth!  
 How placid seems thy rest,  
 As liest thou thus close nestled to  
 A doating mother's breast:  
 But, ah! thine eye hath not yet scann'd  
 Life's variable page;  
 Sleep on! for sorrows are allied  
 To mortals' *waking* age.

Yet, no! I would not have thee sleep!  
 Wake from thy soft repose:  
 And let me gaze upon the beams  
 That childish beauty throws:  
 Let those young eyes with gentle look,  
 That tongue with mimic tone,  
 Teach me to hope thy lot may be  
 Confined to fortune's zone.

Yea! may the Fates thy snowy brow  
 With leaves of honor bind;  
 Thy actions prove their founted source  
 A rightly-judging mind;  
 And when the sateless conquerer, Death,  
 Shall claim thee as his own,  
 Thy soul be fit to stand before  
 The great Almighty's throne.

## CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

### No. VI.—*Corpus Christi.* (June.)

A DESCRIPTION of this grand festival should be undertaken in the joyful season which the Church has selected for its celebration; it should be written beneath the golden suns, the azure skies and the brilliant flowers that crown the immortal brows of the glorious month of June. It requires that inspiration imparted by external objects, and those fresh thoughts that drop into the soul, sweet and pure, at that tranquil hour when the majestic day is done and the heavenly dew is descending in silent, invisible, copious streams on the yearning bosom of the grateful earth!

But that can not be. It is in chilly November that I am going to speak of the days when the roses bloom. It is almost within hearing of the approaching storms of gloomy winter, that I sit down to write about *Corpus Christi*.

Instead of painting after nature, then, I must paint from memory, but the great festival that is to be the subject of my sketch, possesses in itself so many grand recollections, so much divine poetry, that I hope the picture will not be considered entirely deficient in color.

Holy Thursday is the true commemoration of the eucharistic mystery, and that day should be the feast of our tabernacles. But in the Week of Sorrows how is it possible to feel much joy? On the eve of Good Friday, the Church, a desolate bride, could not bear to crown herself with flowers and sing canticles of exultation. Accordingly, the pomps of Holy Thursday are only like a feeble ray of sunlight on a dark day. Violet colored robes are indeed put away, but immediately after the morning office the altar is stript of its ornaments and the empty tabernacle remains open.

On the eve of the Saviour's death, the Church does not fail to repeat the words which he pronounced at the Supper when he broke bread with the Apostles—words to be repeated to the end of time, for they bring down God among men.

The Saviour, wishing to dispose the minds of his hearers to the transformation he was going to make of his flesh and blood into meat and drink, for the nourishment of those souls for which he desired eternal life, spoke at first of a food which was not perishable, of a truly heavenly bread. Then he insinuated that he was himself the food and nourishment; finally, he declared openly that he was the bread of life, different from the manna of the desert, which could only preserve from death: "I am," said he, "the living bread that comes from heaven, so that whoever eats thereof shall not die, but shall live forever."

The Jews, hearing him speak thus, asked each other: "How can he give his flesh to be eaten?"

Jesus replied: "Amen, I say unto you: unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my bread and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him.

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, the same shall also live by me. This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and died. He that eateth this bread shall live forever."

Christ spoke thus in the town of Capharnaum, in the full synagogue into which he was accustomed to enter on Sabbath days to give instruction.

Many, therefore, of his disciples hearing it, said: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?"

But Jesus, knowing in himself that his disciples murmured at this, said to them: "Doth this scandalize you? What shall it be then when you see the Son of Man ascend up to where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life. But there are some of you that believe not. Therefore have I said to you that no man can come to me unless it be given him by my Father."

After this, many of his disciples retired, and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve:

"Will you also go away?"

And Simon Peter answered him: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

As we read and transcribe these holy and mysterious words, we see how earnestly the Saviour desired to prepare the minds of men for the grand mystery of his love. He knew how much proud human reason would revolt against what it could never comprehend. Therefore it was more than a year before the institution of the Eucharist, when he used those words in the synagogue, before the people assembled for prayers on the Sabbath day.

At last the night of the Paschal Supper arrives, and, seated at table with his twelve apostles, he bequeathes to this earth the gift of his eternal love.

He took bread, and having given thanks, blessed it, broke it, and gave it to his apostles, saying:

"Take ye and eat: this is my body; do this in remembrance of me." And having taken the chalice and given thanks, he presented it to them, saying: "Drink you all of this, for this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many. Do this in commemoration of me."

They all drank, and Jesus said:

"Amen, I say unto you, that I will drink no more of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new in the kingdom of God."

It is this mystery of the divine flesh and blood that is celebrated in the majestic solemnity of *CORPUS CHRISTI*. That nothing might be wanting to its splendor, the Church has appointed it for the fairest and pleasantest part of the year. And this selection of a day in June to glorify the God of nature, shadows forth a great harmony; for is not the God who blesses us by the prodigious mystery of the Eucharist, the same God at whose command the flowers bud and the trees put forth their leaves? And I, who do not wish to rend my heart by doubts, who am happy to bow my understanding to my faith, can believe that it is just as easy to God (pardon the expression) to turn himself into the spiritual nourishment of man, as to bring primroses out of the wintry snows, and light out of pitchy darkness.

But against this mystery of the altars many heresies had risen in blasphemy, and the Church felt the necessity of a signal expiation. Admire how agreeable

humility and piety are to God; it is a pious maiden, sixteen years of age, the blessed Julienne, hospital nun of the city of Liege, that is chosen to originate the institution of an annual festival in honor of the Holy Sacrament.

In her lonely cell she feels herself inspired and inflamed with the love of Christ; she bewails the blindness of men who know him not, and she is inconsolable at the sight of the outrages offered to the God of her adoration on the very altars where his goodness induces him to dwell. In her pious regrets and ardent prayers, divine ecstasies lift her soul far above the contemplation of the earth. And when she recovers, she does not timidly keep silent; her voice reaches the sovereign pontiff, and the festival, conceived by the pious novice, will soon attract kings, magistrates, warriors to its splendors, and the day which the humble maid calls the day of her desires, shall become the most beautiful of the Christian year.

An archdeacon of the Church of Liege, who afterwards became Pope under the name of Urban IV, the bishop of Cambrai, and a provincial of the Jacobins, afterwards raised to the cardinalate on account of his piety and learning, had often heard the pious recluse repeat her ecstasies and revelations, and strongly encouraging her in her constant thought and desire, they earnestly pleaded her cause at the court of Rome. Julienne was so convinced that a solemn festival would be instituted in honor of the Holy Sacrament, that she furnished herself the plan of the office to be composed for the solemnity, which task was entrusted to the care of St. Thomas Aquinas.

God proves his saints. Julienne died before realizing the constant desire of her life. But another sister, named Eve, also living at Liege, followed up the work, and on the eighth of September, 1264, a decree of Urban IV was sent to Julienne's pious friend. This bull, dated from Orvieto, institutes the festival of Corpus Christi, and ordains that it shall be celebrated with all the solemnities of feasts of the first rank.

The desire of the pontiff is fulfilled; at the present day, Catholicity has no festival more in accordance with the hearts of the people than Corpus Christi.

It is only in a Catholic country, of course, that all its glory can be realized. There it might be called the festival of the land, the festival of the towns and villages. For everywhere around, amidst songs of exultation and acclamations of joy, nothing can be seen but triumphal arches over the roads, rich tapestries in the streets, incense ascending in clouds, heaps of flowers strewing the ground, the people in their gayest attire, children crowned with roses and wreaths, altars by palace and cottage, banners and flags, tapers and guns, peaceful soldiers, and priests radiant with a holy joy.

Surely, the man whose heart is fortunate enough to be free from oppressive remorse, when he awakes on that day, must feel the general joy exuberating in the genial morning air. This joy is everywhere: like a grand prayer, it rises to heaven; like a grace, it sinks on the earth. It impregnates the breeze; on that day every one feels the atmosphere become more balmy; the mourners feel their tears to be less bitter, the joyous are conscious of a deeper emotion of delight.

Of all the days of the year, this is the one that convinces us most that God is everywhere. The king in his palace lays aside his crown and descends from his throne to follow in all humility *HIM* from whom he derives his power; the pauper, dying in the hospital, lifts himself on his bed to cast an expiring glance

at the tabernacle of the great God, the healer, the consoler; and the children rise at an early hour in order to admire the beautiful open-air altars, before the crowds obstruct the squares and the streets, for on this great day people come from far and near to see the splendid procession.

I have good reason to love Corpus Christi—the recollections of my childhood. Of all the processions in France, that of the old city of Angers was the most renowned, and most deservedly so. On this day, the *black city*, as it was called on account of its gloomy, narrow streets, and the dark color of its bricks, became actually beautiful. For thirty leagues around, the people flocked to see the *Blessed* (this was the name they gave to the solemnity of Corpus Christi); every village, every hamlet, contributed its peculiarly dressed inhabitants, who flooded the crowded streets and by the brilliancy and variety of their costume imparted a character to the scene that I can never forget.

The streets through which the procession moved, were covered over head by an awning made of the sails of the great ships of Loire and Maine, which the sailors considered it a great privilege to be permitted to furnish; for the vessels whose sails had served to shelter the Holy Sacrament in its progress through the city, never suffered shipwreck.

These immense sails, extending from eve to eve, and hardly leaving an opening between them, imparted to the streets beneath a mysterious gloom, like that of old cathedrals. Every house had its front of carved wood concealed with its finest tapestry, and the pavement, strewn with roses and odoriferous herbs, could hardly be seen.

All those multitudes, all these splendors, concealed the ugliness of the old, irregular city. On this day it looked like a place of enchantment, by reason of the enthusiasm and poetry of the festival.

Poetry! enthusiasm! oh, what glory is shed around by these emanations of heaven!

This was the order of the procession. The humblest and poorest came first with their wooden crosses; the mendicant orders, the Capuchins and the Carmelites, led the way. They brought to our minds the early Christians of the East; for with their shaved heads, their long beards, their sandaled feet, their brown woollen garments and rope girdles, they were still dressed like the old anchorites; it was thus clad that these sons of solitude and silence dwelt in their rocky grottoes.

After their long file came the *Torches*, as they were called at Angers, though on what account I cannot well say. They were twelve large theatres or shows, carried on enormous frames; four pillars, like the bed-posts of the Middle Ages, supported a baldaquin, ending in a dome. Under this canopy, wax figures, splendidly dressed, of natural size, were grouped to represent the different scenes of the Old and the New Testament. Sometimes it was Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, and the angel staying his arm; sometimes, Agar in the desert with the little Ishmael, perishing with thirst; again, it was the judgment of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba bringing him presents; further on, it was the birth of the child Jesus, with the crib, the shepherds and the angels, or the Magi offering gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Each theatre was borne by twenty-four young men, in gallant attire and adorned with ribbons. Among the laboring classes in the city, it was believed that whoever did not help to carry the *Torches*, made an unhappy marriage.

After these tableaux of sacred history, was seen, to the great joy of the crowd, the "Fishermen's Torch," an enormous wax light, thick as a pillar, its lighted wick as high as the second story. Reeds, shells, garlands of aquatic plants, little silver fish, ornamented this column of white wax. The fishermen of Loire and Maine had contributed to the expenses of this torch, and now from time to time they danced around it.

All this took place at a long distance from the Holy Sacrament; for, after the fishermen and the other guilds, came the monks of the different monasteries in the city; then, after them, the seminarians, the clergy of the several parishes, the canons of St. Maurice, the chaplains of the hospitals, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the Sisters of Charity, with their numerous pupils. They all marched in double file, some carrying lighted tapers, others green branches and rods ornamented with ribbons, and bearing on the top a small image of their patron saint.

Between the lines marched slowly the crosses, the banners, the streamers, the statues of the saints, the shrines of the martyrs, virgins, hermits and pontiffs; these reliquaries, sculptured and of gothic form, rested on frames covered with velvet drapery fringed with gold, and were borne by young priests in white albs, with blue silk girdles and crowned with flowers. Then, far away, still far away, at the end of this long moving avenue, in the midst of a thousand splendors, through clouds of incense and showers of roses flung from every wall and roof and window, could be seen the golden ostensorium radiant as the sun, borne by the bishop standing beneath the magnificent canopy belonging to the cathedral, the grand ostrich plumes nodding proudly over the divine burden.

Princes, lords, soldiers, lawyers, the mayor, the aldermen, the churchwardens, in turns enjoyed the honor of carrying this canopy. And then, mingled with this peaceful cortege, appeared the militia companies; and plumes and bayonets sparkled among the silver crosses and the blazing tapers.

The march was often interrupted, for every district had its altar, and before each the procession stopped. Sometimes a bishop had wished to change the course of the procession of the Sacrament, but such an attempt was seldom made, as it nearly always led to a riot. The streets through which it passed were considered better than the others, and the houses more valuable.

This was a great time both for joy and devotion in the city of Angers. For it was then that the rich landlords came in from the country, and with the farmers, the merchants, and all the other ranks of society, united to celebrate the great *Sacrament Fair*.

In the old times, there existed in this manner wonderful alliances between the religion of the people and their temporal interests, and the inhabitants of city and country were the more devoted to the God of heaven, who did not disdain to mingle in the affairs of earth.

Angers still has its *Sacrament*, but it has lost much of its ancient splendor: it is only a shadow of what it was.

I hope that my readers will not be displeased with me for dwelling so long on the description of a procession to which my earliest recollections are attached. Oh! how often, when exiled from my native land, when cast on a Protestant country, where everything religious is dry and cold—how often have I thought on the *Sacrament* of Angers, on the altar constructed in the street not far from



my father's house, for which my mother lent her silver candlesticks, and which my sisters ornamented with their choicest bouquets.

But a truce to those recollections so sweet and so bitter, to those mournful joys of a heart fast growing old, and let us say something of the manner in which Corpus Christi is celebrated to-day.

The most remarkable part of the ceremonies, and that which most distinguishes this festival from the others, is the solemn procession in which the body of Christ is carried in triumph with the greatest splendor. The exposition continues during the octave, and it is wonderful to see the glory and magnificence of many of our churches during the week. Of course, the processions are more grand and majestic in the cities, but they are more graceful and charming in the villages.

Listen to Chateaubriand, speaking of a procession in a great city: "Now thousands of voices are heard along the lines, pouring forth the hymn of praise, and bells and cannon announce that the Lord of the Universe has entered his holy temple. At intervals the sacred melody ceases, and there reigns only a majestic silence, like that of a vast ocean in a moment of calm. The multitude are bowed in adoration before God; nothing is heard but here and there the cautious footsteps of those who are hastening to swell the pious throng.

"But whither will they conduct the God of heaven, whose supreme majesty is thus proclaimed by the powers of earth? To a simple repository; an innocent temple and rural retreat, like that to which he was welcomed in the days of the ancient covenant. The humble of heart, the poor, the children, march foremost; then come judges, warriors, and other powerful ones of the world. The Son of God is borne along between simplicity and grandeur, as at this time of the year, when his festival is celebrated, he displays himself to man between the season of flowers and that of thunders.

"The windows and walls of the city are thronged with the inhabitants, whose hearts glow with joy and adoration on this solemnity of the God of their country. The child in his mother's arms lifts his hands to the Jesus of the mountain, and the old man, bent toward the grave, feels himself suddenly delivered from all his anxieties; he receives a new insurance of life, which fills his soul with joy in the presence of the living God."\*

In this festival we find so many things to elevate the mind, to touch the heart and to sanctify the soul, that we must give another picture. I have tried to describe Corpus Christi in a city, let me attempt to paint it in a village.

At Flamenville, situated on a beautiful hill-side in Normandy, I saw a procession which the author of the *Genius of Christianity* would love to describe. The fine old church presented its gayest appearance. Between the garlands and the bouquets and the festoons and the green branches, the red damask canopy, the banners, the cross, and the chandeliers it looked very grand.

The old parish priest and his curate were all the clergy; after them came boys in white albs, with long tasseled cinctures; some swinging censers, others carrying baskets and strewing flowers. More than a hundred little girls, veiled, and clad in white, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, followed the banner of the Virgin.

Beside the Blessed Sacrament marched in good order the boys of the village

\* *Genius of Christianity*—Dr. White's Translation.

school, with an air of modesty and reverence that might put to shame the pupils of many a great college.

The procession left the church beneath a resplendent sun; the cross sparkled brilliantly in the rays, but was soon lost in the shade of the forest. Following close after it, came the singers, good honest peasants, whom I had seen the previous evening wielding the axe or the spade, and now marching, as became them, with dignity and decorum. Their strange voices, loud rather than correct or harmonious, sounded a far way off.

After the singers, the schoolmaster, grave and dignified, led on his principal scholars in double file, singing, when the Latin hymns ceased, French canticles with old Norman airs. Each boy had a white ribbon fastened to his arm—the sacred emblem of their first communion, which it had been a great pleasure to their mothers to tie.

The procession advanced to the chapel of the neighboring chateau, where benediction was given, and thence it proceeded along a causeway between two lakes, where the wind sported joyfully with the banners, the streamers of the cross, and the plumes of the canopy.

At the end of the causeway appeared the wide and lofty portal of a long Gothic aisle. Oh! what a splendid temple! Unsurpassed in length by any cathedral in the world. More than two hundred yards to the Latin cross. More than two hundred pillars with elegant foliated capitals, and hung with unfading garlands; wonderful and delicate traceries twining and crossing and meeting in the pointed arch; and in the midst of this "dim religious light," this solemn gloom of our old cathedrals, away in the farthest depths of this wonderful aisle, shone the snow-white altar, raised on many steps, glittering with lights and spangled with flowers. The village choristers ceased, and then the temple choristers burst forth in sweeter melody, chanting in their turn the glories of the God of nature. These choristers were the birds, for this beautiful Gothic aisle was a long, straight, wide avenue, formed by two lines of the highest and most majestic forest trees I have ever seen. Here the procession made its last station. Once more the priest ascended the altar, and the people worshipped. It was still some hours from sunset, but never shall I forget the rich flood of light that streamed in through the branches, transfiguring host, priest, altar, while, except the tinkling of the little silver bell, not a sound broke the hushed silence of the prostrate multitude. It was the smile of heaven on an act with which it was well pleased, and it needed little imagination to people that glorious light in that green old forest, with legions of bright seraphic forms, all bowing in ecstatic adoration before the visible presence of the eternal God!

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#### KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Reflect the source divine;  
O then be kind whoe'er thou art,  
That breathe'st mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

## THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

FEW events in history have been more grossly misrepresented than that which is commonly known as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. No subject, perhaps, has been more frequently discussed, the details of which are so little understood. The error into which the great body of anti-Catholic writers have fallen, either wilfully or inadvertently, is that of endeavoring to connect the event with Catholics and Catholic principles, and to draw from thence the conclusion that the awful deed was perpetrated with the sanction of the Catholic Church. We are well aware that there are thousands of well-meaning Protestants who, from the force of early education, labor under these erroneous views; and we are equally aware that there are many Catholics destitute of that information which would enable them to correct the misstatements they hear on this subject. For the benefit of both, we subjoin the following brief outline of the circumstances connected with that tragical event.

In examining the events immediately preceding the massacre, it is evident that it had its origin in the animosity of the French court against the Protestant party, and was dictated partly through revenge and partly through fear. It will further appear that religion had nothing whatever to do with it, except to check its violence and to weep over its victims.

During the reign of Francis II, the differences between the religious parties in France assumed a threatening aspect, and finally an appeal was had to the sword. The Protestant cause was supported by the Prince of Conde and Admiral Coligni, while the leading men in the administration were the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine. In order to bring about an accommodation, and to settle the difficulties without further bloodshed, a conference was held at Poissy for the purpose of discussing the points in dispute between the Catholics and Protestants. This conference was attended by the king and many of the most eminent personages of his court. The Cardinal of Lorraine supported the Catholic cause, and Theodore Beza that of the Protestants. The conference was not productive of any permanent benefits; the spirit of discontent still prevailed; the flame of civil war again broke out, and deluged a great portion of France in devastation and blood.

Both parties had recourse to foreign assistance; the Catholics to Spain, the Huguenots to Queen Elizabeth of England, and the King of Navarre. During this contest, the Protestants lost their most able leader, the Prince of Conde, who was killed in the bloody battle of Jernac, while Charles had to lament the loss of the celebrated Duke of Guise, who was cut off by assassination. Peace was at length restored, and free exercise of their religion granted to the Huguenots in 1570.

There is nothing in history to show that this peace was not granted in sincerity on the part of the French court, and that the concessions ceded to the Protestant party were not the dictates of an earnest desire to compromise all differences on the score of religion. Nevertheless, many historians, without investigating the facts, have concluded that the whole affair was a scheme devised by Charles and his advisers to lull the leaders of the Huguenot party into a false security, and to put them off their guard as to their designs. Such, how-

ever, was not the case. Eighteen months passed away, from the peace of St. Germain, to the eventful massacre. During that time nothing occurred to disturb public order on the score of religion. The most friendly intercourse existed between the court party and the Huguenot leaders.

Such was the state of things up to the middle of August, 1572. Some time previous to this, a marriage had been negotiated between the sister of Charles and Henry, King of Navarre, and the nuptial ceremony was celebrated in Paris on the 18th of August this year. The occasion drew together a large number of the most prominent of the Protestant party. Among these, none were more distinguished than Admiral Coligni, who had assumed the leadership of the Huguenot cause on the death of the Prince of Conde. For several days nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. On the 22d, however, Coligni, as he returned to his lodgings, was wounded by a shot from a window.

According to the most credible accounts, the assassination of the Admiral, which was no doubt intended, was the extent of the attack on the Huguenot party at that time, and was devised by the queen-mother on account of her jealousy of the influence acquired by Coligni over the weak and vacillating Charles. The shot, though it took effect, was not mortal. As the news of the affair spread through the city, the friends of the Admiral flocked to his lodgings. At the sight of his condition, they grew exasperated, and utterly refusing to believe that the attempt had proceeded from any private source, without the privity of the court, used the most violent threats against the supposed murderers. The king visited Coligni the day after the attempt on his life, to which it is generally believed he did not consent, and after testifying his highest personal esteem, promised solemnly to ferret out and punish the author of the attempt.

Catharine, however, became seriously alarmed, and probably not without some good reasons, in expectation of a sudden insurrection of the Protestants, of whom all the principal gentry, with their armed retainers, were assembled in the capital. She communicated her fears to the king, and persuaded him that the Admiral had designs on his life, and his own safety, and that of his court, required the most summary measures to be taken. Charles hesitated, and his consent to the measure was not obtained until after the repeated and most positive assurance of his mother and chief counselors that he could not escape the plots of the Huguenot party, without putting to death or in confinement, its chief leaders, and that if he waited till morning, his most faithful officers, his family, and perhaps himself, would be sacrificed to their vengeance. Under these circumstances, the king gave his assent to the fatal order, which was carried into execution during the greater part of the 24th of August, 1572.

That the horrid order was carried out with wanton cruelty, we will not pretend to deny; neither will we attempt to offer any palliation of the odious measure; but we repeat that there is nothing in history to justify the assertion, that it was the result of a long premeditated and general plot for the destruction of the Protestants of France. The order, moreover, as far as we can learn from the best-informed writers on this subject, was directed against the leaders of the Huguenot party, and intended to have been confined to Paris. If the horrid deed extended to other cities, such as Lyons, Rouen, Toulouse and others, it was owing chiefly to the violent excitement which the conduct and cruelties of

the Huguenots had produced, during the preceding insurrections, on the public mind. Charles sent no orders to the provinces against his Protestant subjects; on the contrary, both by word and in writing, he declared that the bloody scene should not be repeated nor extend beyond the limits of Paris. And indeed, the difference of the periods at which the massacre took place in the several cities, would prove, apart from other circumstances, that it was not preconcerted, but rather the sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. At the sound of the bell which gave the signal for the commencement of the massacre, the king was overwhelmed with agitation and horror; and that he afterwards gloried in the scene and fired repeatedly upon the unfortunate victims from the windows of the palace rests entirely upon the authority of Brautome, a writer undeserving of the slightest credit.

To escape the violence of the order, many became, or affected to become, Catholics, and among these were the King of Navarre and the young Prince of Conde. The atrocious deed was far from receiving the general approbation of the people, even in the districts where the massacre occurred. During the massacre in Paris, where it raged with the greatest violence, it appears from the testimony of Huguenot historians, that the Dukes of Biron, Aumale, Bellieve, and other Catholic noblemen, exerted themselves to the utmost of their power to save the Huguenots from the hands of those who sought their death. Even among the armed bands, consisting chiefly of the guards of the palace, to whom the work of slaughter was committed, were found those who afforded protection to the fugitives.

In the city of Nimes, where the Catholics had been twice assailed by the Huguenots as lately as the years 1567 and 1569, there was no rising whatever. The governors of Bayonne and St. Heran resolutely refused to take any part in the infamous deed, and prevented any violence against the Huguenots within the reach of their authority.

It is not pretended, on any respectable authority, that the Catholic clergy took any part in, or gave the slightest approbation to, the massacre. On the contrary, they did all in their power to screen the unhappy victims. The bishop of Lisieux extended an open protection to all the Huguenots in his diocese, and received into his episcopal palace all who chose to come, a line of conduct that induced many of them to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

The moment the awful deed was committed, remorse and shame seized upon the instigators. To palliate the crime, Charles immediately wrote to the several courts of Europe, disguising the real facts of the case and representing that having detected the most horrid plot against his authority and his person, he had escaped the danger by putting to death the conspirators without delay. Among others, the court of Rome received the statement of the French monarch, at the moment the city was celebrating the great victory of Lepanto, gained by the Christians over the Turks. Gregory XIII, deceived by these representations, naturally rejoiced, not indeed in the fate of the supposed traitors, whose rigorous punishment he deeply deplored, but for the preservation, as he conceived, of the French king and his kingdom from death and ruin. \* Hence, if *Te Deums* were sung, and rejoicings indulged in at Rome on the receipt of the statements sent by the French court, it is a perversion of history to charge the venerable Pontiff and the Roman court with being privy to the events of

the 24th of August, and that this rejoicing proceeded from the gratification they felt at the destruction of the French Huguenots.

A case in point may serve to illustrate the true spirit by which the several Catholic cabinets of Europe were actuated at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre. A few months ago the civilized world was shocked by the diabolical attempt to assassinate the imperial ruler of that same France which in the days of Charles IX witnessed the scene of blood of which we are speaking. The assassins were seized and brought to a speedy punishment. No sooner was the news of the infamous attempt conveyed with lightning speed to the different courts of Europe, than congratulations on the fortunate escape of the Emperor were instantly returned. The heads of the several governments, either by letter or through their representatives at the Tuilleries, expressed to Napoleon III their joy that he had not fallen a victim to a nefarious plot against his person and his throne. Among these, none were more prompt in testifying his sincere gratification on the providential escape of the Emperor, than the present illustrious successor of St. Peter, Pius IX, yet no one for a moment would entertain the absurd idea that his Holiness rejoiced in the fate of the assassins.

With regard to the number of the victims, it is impossible to speak with certainty. The number is variously estimated from less than 1,000 to over 100,000, and indeed some writers swell the victims to double the latter number. The Calvinistic author of the *Martyrology of the Huguenots*, printed about ten years after the event, estimates the number at first at 30,000; afterwards, in a more detailed investigation, he brings it down to 15,168. Finally, after examining all the registers in the several cities and towns in which the massacre took place, he could only find the names of 786 individuals who perished in all France—a number, indeed, frightful to contemplate, but when everything is fairly considered, it may be regarded as substantially correct.

The foregoing is a brief outline of the memorable massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, considered in reference to the facts handed down to us by the most impartial and best informed historians. From this it is evident that the awful deed was not preconcerted, but that it was devised and matured on the eve of its execution; that it was a heinous political crime, the principal guilt of which must be laid to the charge of that wicked and artful woman, Catharine de Medici, the mother of Charles, and a few of the unprincipled ministers of the French court; that the Catholic Church and her ministers had nothing whatever to do in the massacre, except to discountenance it, to stay its violence and to weep over its victims; that the action of the court of Rome in the circumstances under which it received the intelligence of the massacre, is entirely free from the charge of being privy to it or of indulging in joy at its results; and, finally, that the number of the victims is a hundred fold less than is usually represented by many who pretend to give a history of the transaction.

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#### TWO FRIENDS.

Unlike, and yet how like, two wills  
That mould so passing well,  
As waves that meet and make a calm,  
Caught by each other's spell.



## ISABELLA; OR, THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

(From the *Lamp*, 1852.)

### CHAPTER I.—*Devoted Attachment.*

"**HERE** is a letter, dear Papa," said Isabella, as she gave her father a letter which had just arrived. "I hope the news it contains will calm our fears;" and she ran back to join her mother who was walking in the garden in the greatest anxiety.

Isabella's father was one of the leading merchants of Barcelona, and transacted a great deal of business at Genoa, Leghorn, and several other cities of Italy. Honesty and fidelity in fulfilling engagements were hereditary in his family, and had gained it the general confidence. At this time, he possessed a handsome fortune—the fruit of his industry and wise economy; but for the last few months his life had been embittered by anxiety. His father—a man far advanced in years, had embarked for Genoa, whither business of importance had called him, and no news of his arrival had as yet been received. Had some calamity befallen the vessel? the thought made the merchant tremble. He had been very much opposed to the departure of his father; but the old man pleaded, in addition to weightier motives, his ardent wish to see his Italian friends once more, bid them farewell, and return to die in his native land. The silence of his father filled the merchant with anxious fears. He caused inquiries to be made in every quarter—but without success. At last he received a letter, which but too well accounted for the old man's silence, and realized the worst apprehensions of his son.

He supported his father's captivity with resignation to the holy will of God; but a wound was inflicted on his heart, which, with all his fortitude, he was little able to disguise. The news, though communicated with the utmost delicacy, suddenly plunged his wife and daughter into the excess of sorrow. It was not, however, the sorrow of despair; and they resolved to sacrifice their wealth, and their lives, if necessary, to free the old man from captivity.

The letter was dated Genoa, March 3d, 1758. It related that the old man had been taken in the very roads of Genoa, while returning from a short voyage that he had made to a few places in the neighborhood, and that, as the vessels which had given chase to the Christians were Algerian cruisers, the captives had, in all probability, been carried to the public market in that city and sold for slaves.

The merchant immediately formed his plans—set about to arrange his domestic concerns—raised a large sum of money, and determined to embark on the first vessel bound for the African coast—pay the ransom of his father, and bring him back to Spain.

He wished to go alone, but Teresa and Isabella would not hear of it; and after much discussion, it was agreed that they should accompany him.

Isabella had just attained her fifteenth year, and had ever been her parents' pride and joy. She had been brought up in her father's house, and her grandfather had taken charge of her education. He it was who guided her steps in the way of life; who developed the germs of those happy qualities, with which nature had endowed her; who formed her growing reason; who taught her to

know and love God, and instructed her in the maxims of religion. She had every motive of attachment to the old man, and begged to accompany her parents in the intended voyage, because she desired to contribute to the happiness of delivering her grandfather.

But, in despite of all the diligence the merchant employed in the regulation of his affairs, two months elapsed before he could carry his plans into execution. He had hoped to receive, in the meanwhile, some farther intelligence, which might give him a clue to discover his father; and in this hope, had written to his acquaintances—but all was useless—no one knew what had become of the old man.

At length, the wished-for moment came; the merchant embarked, with his wife and daughter, on a merchant vessel, which was followed by two others, and a Spanish cruiser escorted the convoy. During his absence, the merchant entrusted the management of his affairs to a clerk of tried fidelity, who, for twenty years, had been attached to his house. He had moreover prepared himself for this dangerous undertaking by receiving the Sacraments; seeking to interest Heaven in an enterprise so worthy of its protection. He took with him the sum of £2,000 sterling, to pay the ransom of his father, and defray the expenses of the expedition. Every thing seemed to promise them a happy voyage; the winds filled the sails, and the little squadron left port, followed by the blessings of the parents and friends of those on board. The voyage was prosperous; the pirates, who cruised in the Mediterranean, dared not attack the flotilla, which, seven days after its departure, moored in the roads of Algiers.

Happy at having made the passage with such speed and security, the merchant thanked God, and, with knees bent on the African shore, raised his eyes beaming with gratitude to Heaven in fervent prayer for a continuation of the Divine Goodness. This first favor seemed but the presage of others, still greater, which he hoped to receive. Already he fancied himself at the end of his travels; already had he found his father, and pressed him to his bosom, and was taking him back to Spain—nothing appeared wanting to complete his happiness.

Let us not anticipate the course of events; let us not tear aside the veil which covers the future; let us allow this son—so tender and so devoted—to give himself up to the illusions of hope. Man is so happy when he hopes; the illusion which then fascinates his eyes, inundates his soul with such sweet emotions, that he seems to taste, by anticipation, the object which he desires with all the ardor of his soul. Adversity will come, alas! too soon, and reduce to nought his fond bright dreams of happiness.

#### CHAPTER II.—*A Halt.*

The first care of the merchant, on his arrival at Algiers, was to search out the vessels, which three months before had cruised about the roads of Genoa. He had the greatest difficulty in obtaining precise information; it was only after infinite trouble, and giving the most minute details respecting his father, that the merchant succeeded in clearing up the mystery which hung over the old man's place of retreat. He learned that he had been sold to an Arab, who lived three days' journey from Algiers, and had been charged with the care of his flower garden, owing to his advanced age, which was unable to support a

more laborious employment. He was given to understand that his ransom might be easily effected.

This intelligence filled the merchant and his wife with joy. They were impatient to leave Algiers and follow the trace of their father; but as they were unacquainted with the country through which they had to pass, they hired an escort of two Arabian horsemen. Isabella too leaped for joy, at the thought of seeing once more her ancient mentor. Oh! what things she had to say to him! How happy would she be to express her gratitude and love!

On leaving Algiers, its narrow streets, and its white houses, built like an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a hill, the travellers took a road, which following the windings of the land, presented a delightful and varied prospect. The air was perfumed with the sweet odour of the orange tree flower; the laurel, the olive, and a variety of other shrubs, now grouped together, now scattered, exhibited plots of verdure, which contrasted agreeably with the golden harvest; in a word, a luxuriant vegetation everywhere greeted the eye, for nature had poured forth with a liberal hand her gifts on the enchanted shores of the Mediterranean. Then too, to enliven the scene, there arose the soft harmony of the song of birds, of the shepherd's pipe, and the bleating of many flocks and herds; all of which recalled to the wayfarers sweet recollections of the valleys around Barcelona, where their feet once wandered, and the first spring of life smiled upon them.

The sea calm, and hardly ruffled by the gentlest breeze, stretched the vast mirror of its waves before their eyes, and seemed to invite mortals to entrust themselves to its tranquil waters. Isabella could not help expressing her delight at the beauty of the scene. "Alas!" her father said, "The sea, you now so much admire, conceals its treachery under the appearance of a calm, while a few moments suffice to unloose its fury to break down every thing before it, and engulf those who had entrusted themselves to its waves. It is a faithful image of human life, which at one time flows tranquilly on; at another, is disturbed by cares and sorrows, which, are never far distant from peace and joy. The storms which arise in the moral world, are often more terrible than the tempests which stir up the depths of ocean. God permits this, as a constant lesson to us, to detach our thoughts from perishable objects, and to fix our hopes on more durable goods, which nothing shall ever be able to take from us. But these goods engage our attention the less, as they are to be enjoyed in a life to come, and the present alone flatters our fickle and inconsiderate hearts."

But the aspect of the country through which they were travelling, made a far deeper impression on his mind. At the sight of the riches which nature everywhere displayed, the merchant said within himself: "What a pity it is to see this fertile region in the hands of stupid Arabs, who will not move even a finger to second the efforts of nature! Here truly may we see the difference between the religion of Jesus Christ and that of Mahomet. Here the people vegetate in brutality, the women are slaves; every thing is governed by the course of a fatality in which all believe. These barbarians are addicted to piracy, and, like the wolf and the bear, live by rapine. They never hesitate to strip their christian brother of his liberty and goods, and drag him into captivity. But how happy was this land, when illumined by the light of the gospel! For on the soil of Africa sprung those mighty geniuses, whose works still remain to attest the superiority of the Catholic faith over the dreams of the

Koran. Here flourished a Tertullian, a Cyprian, a Lactantius, an Augustine; further on, the waves seem still to murmur the names of an Origen, of a Clement, of a Cyril of Alexandria, of an Athanasius, and of that vast multitude of solitaries who peopled the deserts of Thebais, and astonished the world by the heroism of their virtues. And now, this country, once so famous, is seated in the shadow of death! The true faith is extinguished; the crescent occupies the place of the cross; the prince of darkness has spread the shroud of ignorance over the sun of truth; civilization has disappeared, and barbarism rules over these countries, once the cradle of the arts and sciences. When will European nations cast an eye of pity on this land? When will they carry back to her, what she once bestowed upon them—not luxury and sumptuousness in the arts, but the religion of Jesus Christ, and the blessings of civilization? The Colossus which seems to terrify them, is not so formidable; its feet are of clay, though its hands are armed with iron?"

Thus reasoned the merchant, as he rode alone behind his wife and daughter. They were chatting together, and the two Arabs journeyed on in silence, apparently regardless of every thing around them.

Thus the first day passed very happily. About night-fall, the travellers came to a little wood, from the bosom of whose trees rose the minaret of a little mosque, the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in that part of the country. Here were they to pass the night. One of the Arabs dismounted, fixed his lance in the earth and went away. The horse remained near the lance without moving, though he was not tied to it. The Arab glided into the dark mazes of the little thicket, returned a few moments after, and at the same time, the door of a building attached to the house opened.

A man of a venerable aspect stood upon the threshold; a thick white beard fell upon his breast; a long brown robe, fastened at his waist by a red girdle, covered him with its graceful folds. He was the marabout of the place, the priest of the temple, the oracle of the country. He saluted the wayfarers by thrice raising his hand to his beard, and signed to them to follow him. The merchant entered the inclosure without hesitation; Theresa and Isabella followed close after. "God is God, and Mahomet his prophet," said the marabout, as he led them through a walk, shaded by tall trees, planted in beautiful order. He then conducted them into a small room, sat down upon a mat, and invited his guests to place themselves near him.

"One of your guides has briefly explained to me the motives which induced you to undertake this journey; they are motives, which have prevailed upon me to invite you to pass the night in this asylum, where women do not usually enter. Such filial piety shall never be driven from the temple of the great prophet."

The merchant thanked him for his hospitality, and assured him, that his generosity was not exerted on ungrateful persons. The marabout smiled, but assuming his wonted gravity: "You are hungry," said he. "You are thirsty."

The merchant answered, that they would be very glad to partake of some refreshment.

Whereupon the marabout clapped his hands, and a negro slave presented himself to receive the orders of his master. He returned soon after, bringing dates, figs, various other fruits, cakes baked on the ashes; the juice of the citron, diluted with water from the rock, and sweetened with wild honey.

The travellers made a hearty meal; Isabella especially relished the delicious fruits placed before her. During the repast, the merchant made inquiries respecting his father.

"By the prophet," the marabout replied, "I have never heard your father spoken of. I have been here six and thirty years, and have never quitted this asylum, since my pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city, where I was gladdened with the sight of the prophet's tomb. Though but a day's journey from Algiers, I am perfectly ignorant of what is going on there, nor do I wish to know. Men, such as I know them, fill me with disgust. I have often raised my voice against the impious war which the Mahometans wage on Christians, but my admonitions are slighted or forgotten. Passion blinds them; they wish to enrich themselves, and do not scruple to become the executioners of those who never did them wrong. Oftentimes I groan in my solitude over the consequences, which sooner or later, these cruelties will bring upon us. The thunder, which slumbers over the heads of these barbarians, for whom robbery and injustice have become a necessity, will strike them down and cut them off in their sins. The day of vengeance will come, and the chastisement will be proportionable to the enormity of the crimes."

The merchant was delighted to hear such language in the mouth of a Mahometan. He shook the marabout warmly by the hand, and congratulated him on the noble truths he had just spoken. "It is," replied the old man, "a law of eternal justice, which may never be violated with impunity. Nations, as well as individuals, have a term allotted to their evil deeds, and when that arrives, God strikes them with reprobation. It is written in the heart of man, that he must not touch what belongs to his neighbor; passion alone can efface this great maxim on which the safety and existence of families depend. I repeat, I proclaim these truths, to all who come to consult me; they listen, they say I am right, and still passion carries them away. Such is man? He is nought but weakness and contradiction, and his heart the abode of corruption. And this is the reason why I avoid the society of my fellow-men."

The more the merchant conversed with the marabout, the more certain was he, that he had read the books of our holy religion; and on putting the question to him learnt, that he had in his possession both the Old and New Testament, which he often perused, but which he was careful to conceal, that he might not compromise himself. The travellers had been two hours in the marabout's house, when he retired, under the pretext, that he had still many prayers to say. He ordered mats to be laid on the floor for the merchant, his wife, and daughter, for them to sleep upon; and having wished them good night, entered the temple. Early in the morning, he called upon them; inquired if they had slept well, gave them a good breakfast, and prayed that God would prosper their journey.

### CHAPTER III.—*Treachery.*

The two Arabs had passed the night under the trees, in the thicket. Every thing was soon ready for departure, and with the rising sun the little caravan set out. Towards night-fall, they came, much fatigued, to a hill covered with sycamores. As the day had been excessively hot, the Arabs declared they would go no farther, and the merchant agreed that they should halt. Their wallet

furnished them with refreshment, and they sat down on the fresh grass, under the shade of a sycamore. The evening was calm and cool. Behind them rose the hill of sycamores, with its trees and flowers, which scented the air with their sweetest perfumes; before them lay the Mediterranean, presenting to their delighted eyes a boundless sheet of azure, whose surface was gracefully curled by the evening breeze.

The solitude of the hill was disturbed for some moments, by the angry cries of various birds, which had come to pass the night among the trees, and which the presence of the wayfarers had driven from their usual resting-place. The sun had sunk in the ocean waves, behind a purple cloud, but still the thick veil of night did not entirely conceal the splendor of the day. Seated under the shade of a sycamore, the three Europeans were enchanted by the prospect, which a fine night on the coasts of Africa exhibits. The Arabs, on the contrary, stretched listlessly on the grass, resigned themselves to sleep.

The merchant conversed till a late hour with his wife and daughter. They then commended themselves to God by fervent prayer, and composed themselves to sleep. Their hard couch was another, added to the many privations they had experienced during the journey; but were they not supported by the hope of seeing their father? and was not this hope, so full of consolation, a sweet counterpoise to all their troubles? Why then complain? Would it not be disgraceful to refuse even death to redeem a father?

Though sleep had closed the weary eyelids of Teresa and Isabella, the bright anticipations which crowded the merchant's mind still kept him awake. "By this time to-morrow," said he to himself, the chains of slavery will have been broken from the limbs of my venerable father; his tears wiped away, and that bosom which has heaved so many hopeless sighs and groans, filled with gladness. Oh, for the moment, when I shall console, when I shall press him to my breast and be happy! Death alone shall separate us for the time to come. All"—

His ear caught the trampling of approaching horses. He rose to a sitting posture, and saw six horsemen, with naked sabres, making towards him. A stifled cry of terror, which awoke his wife and daughter, escaped from his mouth.

"My God!" exclaimed Teresa, in mortal agony, "we are lost! they are armed brigands!" and she ran behind her husband for protection. The merchant aroused his guides; seized a sabre, and with his back against a tree, prepared to defend himself. The Arabs looked unconcernedly on; then made a feint to protect him who had trusted to their honor. But the quick eye of the merchant saw through their treachery; they had betrayed him—they were in league with the robbers. But the Spaniard's arm was stout, and his heart good; and the idea of yielding without a struggle, never entered his mind.

The unequal combat soon began. Teresa seeing the life of her husband in danger, rushed among spears and swords, threw herself at the feet of the savage Mussulmans, conjuring them to spare a generous man, and promising them all the gold they had; but a brutal kick sent her rolling at the feet of her husband, who, at the sight of such an indignity, offered to a harmless woman, became furious, fought like a lion, till at last he was overpowered by numbers. He fell, pierced with many wounds, upon the body of Teresa.

Meanwhile, Isabella filled the air with her shrieks, and called on all the

heavenly powers to assist her; but Heaven appeared deaf to her prayers—the crime was committed. She saw her father and mother fall, and fainted away. The Arabs took advantage of the moment to pillage the travellers; night favored their escape, and concealed their execrable deed.

When Isabella recovered her senses, she found herself stretched on a mat, in a ruined house; by her side stood a girl, watching her with a most affectionate and anxious eye.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the unfortunate sufferer. "Where is my mother? What has become of my father? Oh, God, have mercy on me!"

The girl stretched out her hand and said, in affectionate accents, a mixture of French and Italian, "Fear not, dear sister; my mother, who preserved, will protect you still; and I, who already love you with all my heart, will do every thing in my power to make you happy."

"If you love me, take me to my parents," was the sorrowful reply.

"I could not do so without peril to your life and my own. You shall stay here with us and be my sister; my mother has a kind heart; she it was who went to seek you on the hill of sycamores, and brought you here."

"But how came she to know I was there?"

"I may not answer that question, I have been forbidden to do so."

"What is your name?"

"Isabella."

"And mine Mirza.—Here sister," said the young African, as she presented some fruit to her new friend, "eat of these dates which were gathered this morning from the great palm-tree of the desert; they are refreshing as the water which gushes from the rock, and their juice more delicious than sweetest honey." But Isabella, a prey to the most poignant sorrow, turned aside her head in tears and would accept no nourishment. The concern at being separated from her parents, and the uncertainty of their fate, was a continual subject of torment to her; and though she was grateful for the affectionate attentions bestowed upon her, she could not help trembling as she thought of her own destitution and future destiny.

Some time after Mirza's mother entered and presented to Isabella a bowl of milk, which she was with difficulty prevailed upon to drink. She spoke good Italian, exhorted her to courage and perseverance, and assured her that she was in perfect safety.

"Since your kindness to me is so great," said Isabella, "will you not restore me to my parents? what must be their sorrow, if death has spared them."

"It must be great, indeed," said the hostess with a faltering voice; "but I don't know where they are—and even if I knew I could not restore you to them—think yourself happy," she added, in a lower tone—"that I have been allowed to keep you near me, and ask me no more questions, for"—

At this moment the voice of a man was heard outside, and Mirza's mother darted trembling from the cottage.

"That is my father," said the young African.

"And what is your father's employment," asked Isabella?—Mirza cast her eyes towards the ground, and her features betrayed the utmost embarrassment. Isabella was silenced, she divined the sad truth, covered her face with her hands and wept: the unfortunate girl was in the house of her parents' murderers.



Mirza approached, and begged her in a suppliant tone to think no ill of her; and said she would do all in her power to console her.

Isabella raised her eyes to heaven, and offered her friendly hand to Mirza: it was to pardon her father.

Isabella was now obliged to resign herself to her sad lot. But what would become of her in that country, alone, without protector, in the midst of Arabs, a stranger to the religion, manners, and customs of that barbarous people. The thought almost made her despair; she would have preferred death to a future which presented a prospect so gloomy and frightful. Her mind was extremely agitated—it seemed that everything was against her—heaven and earth. Her heart was bruised with sorrow, and without her strength of mind and youthful vigor, she must certainly have fallen under these successive strokes of misfortune. God, who frequently afflicts those whom he loves, and who often leads them to the brink of the precipice to display His mercies and our weakness in a more striking manner, did not abandon the unfortunate Isabella. He sometimes employs the most indifferent objects to throw streams of light on the darkness which envelopes our existence. The grief of Isabella was still unabated, when to distract her, Mirza proposed they should leave the room to breathe the fresh air under a laurel which shaded the house. She gladly consented.

Arrived under the sheltering tree, Isabella was astonished to see a vase filled with magnificent flowers. She asked where the vase came from, and where such flowers grew?

"The vase," replied the young African, "was given to me some days ago by a woman of the neighborhood in return for a favor I had done her; she received them herself from an old Christian slave, who labors in a garden half a league distant from the village."

Isabella, who had not forgotten her grandfather's taste for flowers, put a thousand questions to Mirza respecting the old Christian; but she could give little information: her young friend had never seen the old man. She asked Mirza's mother—but with no better success. Mirza, therefore, to satisfy Isabella's curiosity, took her to the woman, who had communications with the old man; and from her she learned that he was a Spaniard, that he had been taken far away from his native land; that he was born in a great city, where he had left a married son; that he often wept at the recollection of his friends, but still was resigned to his lot.

"Has he been a slave long?" asked Isabella, in a tone of earnestness, always on the increase.

"Only a few months," was the woman's reply.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Isabella; "it is my grandfather. For the love of God take me to him—it was in search of him that my father, mother and I came into this country. My heart tells me that the man you speak of is no stranger to me."

Mirza's mother, who served as interpreter to Isabella, communicated her request to the woman. She, however, raised numberless obstacles; but the sight of a bag which the young lady carried on her arm, and which she offered as the reward of compliance, removed every difficulty, and she consented to conduct her early in the morning to the spot, on which all her thoughts and desires were centred.

*To be continued.*

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOPS OF  
THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF BALTIMORE.

*The Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Baltimore, assembled in the Ninth Provincial Council, to the Clergy and Faithful of their charge: Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Venerable brethren of the Clergy, and beloved brethren of the Laity :

THROUGH divine favor, we have again assembled with a view to consult together for the interests of religion, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, which we have earnestly implored. We have not found it necessary to make any new enactment on this occasion, deeming it sufficient to inculcate the strict observance of those already made, especially of the prescriptions contained in the Ritual, published by the authority of preceding councils. Before separating, we turn to you in a spirit of gratulation and affection, exhorting you to give thanks to Almighty God for His numberless blessings, and to correspond with them by increased fidelity and zeal in His service. Our first duty is to worship, obey, and love Him. We must give him the homage of our minds and hearts, by embracing with entire faith all the truths which He has revealed, and conforming our lives to the moral standard presented to us in the gospel. By faith, hope, and love, as St. Augustin teaches us, God is worshipped. You well know, brethren, that no external act can please him, unless it be animated by a spirit of devotion. Forms of prayer however excellent, pious practices and observances, even the sacraments themselves cannot avail those who are determined to remain in sin. The means of grace are furnished us abundantly by divine goodness; but we are required to cooperate by the free consent of our will, that we may be disposed for their influence, and may preserve the gifts freely bestowed for our sanctification. Without holiness, no man shall see God. Therefore, "according to Him that hath called you, who is holy, be you also in all manner of conversation holy: because it is written, you shall be holy for I am holy."\*

Although we have reason to rejoice in the increased number of missionaries employed in the various dioceses of the United States, we still feel that the laborers are few compared with the greatness of the harvest. One of our venerable colleagues, of another ecclesiastical province, conscious that this want cannot be supplied by any effort on our part, without a special blessing from God, and that this can best be secured by the intercession of the Mother of our Divine Redeemer, has composed a short prayer to this effect, which it has pleased the Sovereign Pontiff to encourage by the grant of Indulgences. We subjoin it to this address, not doubting that it will be very generally recited by you, since, with us, you feel that a great increase of devoted missionaries is needed to gather into the fold the many that wander as sheep without a shepherd. In order to meet this want, our holy Father has generously proposed to establish at Rome a college for the education of American youth desirous to devote them-

\* I Peter i, 15.

selves to the missions, and has adopted measures for this purpose. When they shall be further advanced, it is our intention to appeal to your zeal and charity, to aid by your contributions, an object so worthy of support. In the meantime, such of you as are wealthy, will do well to set apart a portion for this end, and to make known to us your readiness to contribute, knowing, that in promoting the education of candidates for the priesthood, you serve the cause of religion, and indirectly promote all other pious and charitable objects connected with it. We are still more desirous of seeing applicants for admission multiply, and therefore we exhort you, to cherish and encourage those inclinations to the sacred ministry, which you discover in your children, before wickedness alter their understandings, or deceit beguile their souls. You should consider it a privilege and a happiness, that of them priests and levites be assumed to minister to the Lord. No prospect of wealth, or social distinction should outweigh the consideration of the honor of serving at the altar, and announcing from the pulpit the glad tidings of the gospel, for a day in the courts of God is above thousands. Beautiful on the mountains are the footsteps of those who preach peace, who preach good things, who say to Sion: thy God shall reign!

Brethren, we feel it our imperative duty to remind you of the importance and necessity of training your children in the fear of the Lord. From their earliest childhood you should teach them to know God, and to love Him: as their mind develops, you should instruct them in the doctrines of faith, and the Christian duties, which you should recommend to their acceptance by virtuous example: in youth you should guard them against the dangers of the world, and direct their course, that they may become useful members of society, and faithful servants of God. You should urge them to seek above all things the kingdom of God, and His justice; and often repeat to them: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"\* To each of them you should say, with the aged Tobias: "All the days of thy life have God in thy mind, and take heed thou never consent to sin, nor transgress the commandments of the Lord our God."†

We take this occasion to announce to you, brethren, that our holy Father the Pope, in gratitude to God for the consolations vouchsafed to him on his recent journey through his States, has granted a plenary indulgence, in the form of a Jubilee, to all who before the close of the present year, within a month to be appointed by each bishop, shall perform the usual works of piety prescribed for such occasions. Prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds, with the reception of the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, are the conditions for its attainment. The object had in view by his Holiness is, that the prayers of all the faithful may ascend to the throne of mercy, that the Church and her saving doctrine may increase in power from day to day, and be spread everywhere, that all nations may concur in unity of faith, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. This same object was proposed by our Lord Himself, in the prayer which He offered up after His last supper. Addressing his heavenly Father in behalf of his apostles, he said: "Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify Myself: that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe

\* Mark viii, 36.

† Tob. iv, 6.

in Me: that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as We also are one, and the world may know that thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved Me."\* This prayer has proved effectual, since the doctrine of the apostles, and of their successors, has been uniform and consistent, such as it was originally delivered to the saints: whilst erring individuals and sects are "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine." Unity furnishes evidence of the divinity of Christ, our Teacher, whose mission from the Father is made manifest by the wonderful influence of His grace on the minds of innumerable millions brought into the harmony of faith. "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," is the motto inscribed on the banner of the Church, by the apostle. Divisions and sects cause the good name of Christ to be blasphemed, and plunge men into scepticism, nay, even into atheism. Brethren, faith wherein you stand is a special gift of God, who, in mercy enlightens and teaches whom He will, whilst he abandons the proud and perverse to the darkness of their own minds. Glory not, therefore, in your high privilege; but fear, lest in punishment of your sins, it be taken away from you, or become the occasion of greater condemnation. Pity all who wander in doubt, or unbelief, and pray that they may be led to the knowledge of truth, and to salvation. Whilst attentive to your own spiritual wants, you pray for grace to overcome temptation and practise virtue, pray also that the wall of division may be cast down, that schisms and dissensions may cease, and that all hearts may be united in faith and charity. We recommend for this object the prayer for unity, which we subjoin to this letter.

One of the conditions of the Jubilee indulgence is to give alms to the poor, and to contribute to the society for the propagation of the faith, according to each one's devotion. The generous succors bestowed during many years by this Society on several of our dioceses, give it special claims on your support. The small subscription of a cent a week, entitles the contributor to a share in the spiritual benefits which the Holy See has attached to membership.

In exhorting you to perform works of piety, that you may gain the indulgences granted by the Sovereign Pontiff, we necessarily urge you to conversion and holiness of life, since you are aware that no indulgence can be obtained whilst the soul is defiled with mortal sin. God, by His prophet, called on the ancient people to repent and reform, that they might receive entire forgiveness: "Wash yourselves, be clean, take away the evil of your devices from My eyes: cease to do perversely, learn to do well: seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge for the fatherless, defend the widow. And then come, and accuse Me, saith the Lord: if your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow: and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."† In the same spirit, the Vicar of our Lord promises entire forgiveness, and a release from the temporal punishment due to sin after its pardon, to those who with their whole heart, and with deep affliction of soul turn to God, and are resolved to repair the excesses of their past life by contrary works of virtue.

Whilst proposing to you spiritual privileges, we cannot omit the expression of our gratitude to God for the merciful protection vouchsafed to us, during the

\* John xvii, 17.

† Isai. i, 16.

last few years, especially, against the machinations of men, who for a time succeeded in poisoning the fountains of public information, and secretly organized a formidable opposition, which suddenly spread throughout the length and breadth of this vast country. "When men rose up against us, perhaps they would have swallowed us up alive. When their fury was enkindled against us, perhaps the waters had swallowed us up. Our soul hath passed through a torrent: perhaps our soul had passed through a water insupportable. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us to be a prey to their teeth."\* We owe gratitude to our fellow-citizens likewise, who generously sympathised with us, and maintained our rights despite of the misrepresentation of our religious tenets. Let it be your care, brethren, by peaceable and orderly conduct, and the performance of every social duty, and especially by your readiness to support the General and State governments at every sacrifice, to prove yourselves worthy of the rights of free citizens: "for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God."†

The peaceful and conservative character of our principles, which are adapted to every form of government, and every state of society, has been tested and made manifest in the great political struggles that have agitated the country on the subject of domestic slavery. Although history plainly testifies that the Church has always befriended the poor and laboring classes, and effectually procured the mitigation of the evils attached to servitude, until through her mild influence it passed away from the nations of Europe, yet she has never disturbed established order, or endangered the peace of society, by following theories of philanthropy. Faithful to the teaching and example of the apostles, she has always taught servants to obey their masters, not serving to the eye merely, but as to Christ, and in His name she commands masters to treat their servants with humanity and justice, reminding them that they also have a Master in heaven. We have not, therefore, found it necessary to modify our teaching with a view of adapting it to local circumstances. Among us there has been no agitation on this subject. Our clergy have wisely abstained from all interference with the judgment of the faithful, which should be free on all questions of polity and social order, within the limits of the doctrine and law of Christ. We exhort you, venerable brethren, to pursue this course, so becoming "the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God."‡ Let the dead bury their dead. Leave to worldlings the cares and anxieties of political partisanship, the struggles for ascendancy, and the mortifications of disappointed ambition. Do not, in any way, identify the interests of our holy faith with the fortunes of any party: but, preaching peace and good will to all mankind, study only to win to truth the deluded children of error, and to merit the confidence of your flocks, so that, becoming all to all, you may gain all to Christ. Meditate upon these things: be wholly in these things: that your profiting may be manifest to all. Take heed to yourselves, and to doctrine: be earnest in them. For in doing this you shall save both yourselves, and those that hear you. Now to God and our Father be glory, world without end. Amen.

\* Ps. cxxiii.

† I Peter ii, 16.

‡ I Cor. iv, 1.

Done in Provincial Council at Baltimore, on the ninth day of May, being the fifth Sunday after Easter, in the year of our Lord MDCCCLVIII.

- † FRANCIS PATRICK, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*
- † MICHAEL, *Bishop of Pittsburg.*
- † JOHN, *Bishop of Richmond.*
- † JOHN NEPOMUCENE, *Bishop of Philadelphia.*
- † JOSUE MARIA, *Bishop of Erie.*
- † JAMES FREDERICK, *Bishop of Antigena, and Coadjutor of Bishop of Philadelphia.*
- † JOHN, *Bishop of Savannah.*
- † PATRICK, *Bishop of Charleston.*
- † AUGUSTIN, *Bishop of Danaba, Vicar Apostolic of Florida.*
- DAVID WHELAN, *Procurator of Bishop of Wheeling.*

#### PRAYER FOR THE INCREASE OF MISSIONARIES.

Queen of Apostles, conceived without original stain, pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest.

Those who recite the above prayer with *Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory, &c.*, obtain each time an indulgence of one hundred days.

#### CONDITIONS FOR GAINING THE JUBILEE INDULGENCE.

- To fast on one day, at option, within the time specified.
- To receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.
- To visit three churches appointed by the Ordinary, or one church three times, and pray for the unity of Christendom.
- To give alms to the poor, and to contribute, as each one's devotion may prompt him, to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

These pious works are to be performed within one month to be appointed by the Ordinary.

The Archbishop has appointed the month of September for the diocese of Baltimore. In Baltimore, the Metropolitan church, and the churches of St. Alphonsus and St. Ignatius are to be visited once. The churches of St. Matthew, St. Patrick, and St. Dominic, are to be visited by those who reside in Washington. Elsewhere the visit three times of any parochial or other church will suffice. The parish priest or confessor, may commute any of the conditions that may be impracticable, except confession and communion. Children not yet admitted to their first communion can obtain the indulgence.

#### PRAYER FOR UNION.

Almighty and Eternal God, who savest all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to the souls of those who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that rejecting all errors, the hearts of those that err may be converted, and may return to the unity of Thy truth, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

## DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

Nelson, who, in the arms of victory, encountered the grasp of death, preserved to the latest period of his ebbing life, the same ardent and unwearied zeal for his country's glory that, throughout his career, had characterized his unmatched achievements. Repeatedly, and with fretful impatience, during the slow progress of his mortal agony, he demanded of his attendants "whether the French admiral had struck his flag?" nor seemed to bestow upon his own hopeless condition a moment's consideration, until the glad tidings of triumph had been made known to him. The last words of the hero were, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" the very command which most precisely suited the circumstances of the moment, a proof of the tenacity with which, on the very brink of the grave, his unconquered and mighty spirit embraced all the duties of his position.

Desaix, when he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo, exclaimed: "Go, tell the First Consul that I die with the regret of not having yet achieved enough to entitle me to live in the estimation of posterity."

The brave and gallant Duc d'Enghien, ignominiously massacred in the ditch of Vincennes, was summoned in the middle of the night to meet his fate. Upon observing the preparations for his execution, he exclaimed. "Heaven be praised! I shall die a soldier's death!" Upon requesting to be allowed the spiritual ministrations of a clergyman, he was greeted with the insulting reply: "Have you a mind to die like a capuchin? You want a priest! pshaw, they are all in bed at this time!" Without replying to this infamous speech, the unfortunate prince knelt down, prayed fervently for a few moments, and then, rising, exclaimed, "Let us proceed." When they were about to fire on him, he said to the gendarmes appointed to perform that duty, "Now then, my friends!" to which an insolent and ferocious voice rejoined, "You have no friends here!" He who uttered this brutal gibe was Murat, who, when meeting, many years later, with a precisely similar fate, may have remembered, with some feeling of compunctious visiting, having been present at the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. "Spare my head, aim at my heart!" was the ex-king of Naples' own dying request."

When Marshal Ney was awakened on the morning of his death, by an officer who proceeded to read him his death-warrant, in which were enumerated all his titles, he remarked: "Why not rather simply say Michael Ney, now a French soldier, and soon but a heap of dust." Having performed all his religious duties, and taken an affecting leave of his family, he exclaimed, just before the moment of his execution, "I declare, in the presence of God and man, that I have never been a traitor to my country. May my death render her happy! Long live France!" Refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he bared his breast, gave the word to fire, and fell.

The murdered Duc de Berri's chief concern, during the last hours of his life, seemed to be how he could bespeak mercy for his assassin. To the king, who visited him on his bed of death, he thus expressed himself: "Let the man's life be spared, that I may die in peace; it will sooth my last moments! Uncle, I implore you to spare that man's life."



## MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

### MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

THE DEVIL also has his interest in the world: he has been allowed to set up a kingdom in opposition to God, and, like all sovereigns, he has a multitude of interests. Thus he has agents everywhere, active, diligent, unseen spirits, swarming in the streets of the cities, to push on his interests. They canvass the laborers in the field. They see what they can do with the monk in his cloister, and the hermit in his cell. Even in the churches, during Mass or Benediction, they are hard at work, plying their unholy trade. Our fellow men also, by thousands, let themselves out to him as agents; nay, numbers work in his interests for nothing; and, what is more shocking still, many do his work, and almost fancy it is God's work they are doing, it looks so good and blameless in their eyes. How many Catholics oppose good things, or criticise good persons; yet they would never consent to be the devil's agents if they really knew what they were about. These interests of the devil are very various. To cause mortal sin, to persuade to venial sin, to hinder grace, to prevent contrition, to keep back from sacraments, to promote lukewarmness, to bring holy people and bishops and religious orders into disrepute, and to stand in the way of vocations, to spread gossip, to distract people at prayer, to make men fall in love with the frivolities and fashions of the world, to get men to spend money on comforts, furniture, jewels, nick-nacks, parrots, old china, fine dress, instead of on the poor of Jesus Christ, to induce Catholics to worship people, and put their trust in princes, and fawn upon political parties in power, to make them full criticism of each other, and quick as children to take scandal, to diminish devotion to our Blessed Lady, and to make people fancy divine love is an enthusiasm and an indiscretion; these are the chief interests of the devil. It is amazing with what energy he works at them, and with what consummate craft and dreadful ability he advances them in the world. It would be a thing to admire, if it did not make us afraid for our own souls, and if all things which are against God were not simply abominable and to be hated. The dark enemy of the Creator is mysteriously allowed a marvellous share of success in that creation which the All Holy once looked down upon, and blessed in His unspeakable complacency. Men's interests put the interest of Jesus one side, partly as troublesome, more often as insignificant. The devil's interests are directly opposed to those of Jesus, and where they are successful, either debase them, or kill them altogether.—*Faber.*

LOVE OF LIFE.—What a native clinging of mankind to this poor life there must be—what an inextinguishable sweetness in the mere fact of existence, or, at least, what a dread of the hour of dissolution, which millions of human beings placed in circumstances which many of their fellow creatures regard as insufferably wretched, yet pursue their weary journey faithfully to its natural end, grudging to lose the smallest inch! Watch a poor old man, in rags, slowly dragging himself along in a mean street, as if every step was a pain. His life has been one of toil and hardship, and now he may be wifeless, friendless, and a beggar. What makes that man hold on any longer to existence at all? Is it any remnant of positive pleasure he still contrives to extract from it—the pleasure of talking twaddle to people who will listen to him, of looking about him at children playing, of peering into doors as he passes; is it fear and a calculation of chances, or is it the mere imbecility of habit? Who can tell?

**THE CENTRAL SUN.**—All scientific men have maintained that there must be a central point, if not a central sun, around which the whole universe revolves. Maedler, who is unquestionably one of the greatest astronomers ever known, has given this subject his special attention; and he has come to the conclusion that Aloyane, the principal star in the group, known as Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the grand central sun around which the whole starry universe revolves. This is one of the most interesting and important astronomical announcements ever made, though it is very likely that, but for the eminent scientific position of the author, it would be treated as visionary. Another interesting statement in this connection is made by Mr. Thompson, one of the physicists, who, with Carnot, Soule, Meyer, and others, has largely contributed towards establishing the relations between heat and mechanical force, and who has extended his researches to the heat emitted by the sun; which heat, he observes, corresponds to the development of mechanical force, which, in the space of about 100 years, is equivalent to the whole active force required to produce the movement of all the planets.

**ANNOYANCES OF DEBT.**—"How it haunts a man from pillar to post—lurking in his breakfast cup—poisoning his dinner—embitters his tea!—now it stalks from him like a living, moving skeleton, seeming to announce his presence by recounting the amount of liabilities. How it poisons his domestic joys, by introducing its infernal 'balance' into the calculation of madam respecting the price of a new carpet, or a new dress! How it hinders dreamy plans for speculations and accumulations. Botheration! how it hampers useless energies, cripples resolutions too good to be fulfilled. At bed and board, by night or day, in joy or grief, in health or sickness, at home or abroad—debt, grim, gaunt and shadowy, falls as an incumbrance. As no presence is too sacred, no ground is too holy to deter the memory of 'bills and notes payable' from taking immediate possession, so no record is so enlivening, no reminiscence more delicious than the consciousness that debt has fallen like a January morning, twenty-nine degrees below zero."

**A NATION'S TRUE GLORY.**—The most substantial glory of a country is its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Power may be seized by a nation that is yet barbarous, and wealth may be enjoyed by one that it finds or renders sordid; the one is the gift and sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins that offend taste, and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as learning itself, which is its monument; it strikes an everlasting root, and leaves perennial blossoms on its grave.

**ST. FRANCIS OF SALES** was often reproved by his friends, because they did not approve of his manner of going on; they used to tell him that he ought to defend himself with more ardor from the calumnies of evil-minded people, and to maintain his dignity: on which occasions he used to answer, that mildness ought to be the peculiar characteristic of bishops; and that, therefore, though the world and self-love might establish maxims of another kind, he at least would not adopt them, because they were contrary to those of Jesus Christ, to which he had always deemed it a glory to conform himself.

**WE** want no poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us: we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men; fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers; they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.—*Laudor.*

## GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

**DEATH-BED OF HENRY VIII.**—The termination of Henry VIII's existence had much in it, which resembled the death of Herod and Tiberius. As with the Jewish and the Roman tyrants, his body had become, from his excesses, one mass of foul disease and putrid corruption, and like Herod, Henry was committing murder as he lay on his death bed. Herod, it is well known, beside having his son executed five days before he expired, ordered that the principal men of the Hebrew nation should be enclosed in the Hippodrome, and that, while he was giving up the ghost, they should be slaughtered, to ensure a general lamentation among his people when he was dead. How nearly similar was the conduct of Henry. Nine days before he breathed his last, he caused the barbarous execution of his relative, the gallant, gentle, Earl of Surrey, who ranks among the last ornaments of England's chivalry, and the first of her poets. The charge against Surrey was that he had quartered on his shield (as he had a perfect right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor. On the same accusation, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, the first man in the realm, was speedily attainted by an obsequious parliament, and the tyrant, while at the verge of his mortal agony, on the morning of his last day, issued orders that the aged duke should be beheaded. Providence, however, interfered to prevent both the ancient and the more modern accumulation of atrocity. The prisoners of the Hippodrome, and the inmate in the Tower, were alike rescued by the deaths of their respective oppressors. The actual demise of Henry occurred thus. The king had lain for some time in mortal sickness, apparently unconscious and regardless of his immediate danger, but for several days all those near him plainly saw his end approaching. He was become so froward and fierce, that no one durst inform him of his condition; and as some persons during this reign had suffered as traitors for foretelling the king's death, every one was afraid lest, in the transports of his fury, he might, on this pretence, punish capitally the author of such friendly intelligence. At last Sir Anthony Denny ventured to disclose to him the fatal secret, exhorting him to prepare for the fate which was awaiting him, and advised him to send for Archbishop Cranmer. He heard the announcement with courage, though rather impatiently, and said, "There is time enough yet, let me sleep awhile." When he awoke he felt the grasp of death upon him; there was an end to further delay. "I will have Cranmer now," groaned the wretch; "send a messenger for him." When Cranmer came the king was speechless, but evidently still retained his senses. What a fearful sight it must have been for the archbishop to contemplate. There was his own work before him—the monarch whom he had served in all his lust and cruelty, whose blackest sins he had suggested, or, at least, sustained with heavenly shew—there he was, his regal patron, an object of horror, as the hand of God fell upon him. Unvarying prosperity had attended Henry while living; his cup of vicious desires had overflowed the brim; all he wished he had, and yet look at him dying! The peasant, nay, the meanest of mankind—the very beggar whose soul might perhaps have to wing its flight from a dunghill—would have shrunk in terror from such royalty, coupled with such conclusion. No doubt Cranmer stood aghast at the spectacle. The prelate implored the king to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ: it is said that he squeezed the archbishop's hand, but even this is a matter of doubt: he expired just as the exhortation fell from Cranmer's lips. And this was the end of a king, who had indeed never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign: his life had been to himself one undeviating course of good fortune, which may be accounted for by the fearful consideration that crimes such as his are too heavy to meet with any earthly retribution. By his will Henry VIII left money for masses to be said for delivering his soul from purgatory.

**CALVERT'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.**—Under the grant of the crown to his brother, Calvert was entitled to the possession of the soil, according to the laws of nations; but he deemed it just and prudent to purchase the rights of the Indians to their country, and gave them some English cloth, axes, hoes and knives, in return for which they granted him about thirty miles of territory, which he called "Augusta Carolina," afterwards the county of St. Mary's. The Indians further agreed to give up to the settlers, for their immediate accommodation, one-half of their village, and corn grounds which they had already commenced to plant, reserving the other part for their own use until the harvest should be gathered, when the whole of the purchased territory was to be surrendered to the whites. In fulfilment of this provision, the natives who dwelt in that part of the village allotted to the colonists, at once freely removed from their dwellings and took up their residence for the present in the huts of their brethren. In conclusion, the pilgrims and the Indians mutually promised each other to live together in peace and friendship, and that if an injury should happen to be done on either part, full satisfaction should be made for the wrong. Such were the principal features of this honorable treaty; and "thus," says one of the colonists, writing in the ensuing year an account of the settlement, "upon the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1634, the governor took possession of the place and named the town St. Marie's."

This important event may be considered as the date of the actual settlement of the colony; although it would seem from the solemnities on the island of St. Clement, that the pilgrims intended on that occasion, being the Feast of the Annunciation, to take formal possession of the province of Maryland. Fair and beautiful was the origin of the State. No wrong or injustice towards the native, stained the hands of its founders; no persecuting domination or exclusive franchise was reared upon its shores; but around the rough hewn cross on the island of St. Clement, gathered the Catholic and the Protestant, hand in hand, friends and brothers, equal in civil rights and secure alike in the free and full enjoyment of either creed. It was a day, whose memory should make the Maryland heart bound with pride and pleasure.

On the next day, the Ark and the two pinnaces arrived at St. Mary's with the colonists. The simple natives were filled with wonder at the size of the vessels and at the thunder of the cannon which they fired to commemorate their happy arrival at the end of their wanderings.

The new settlement was visited by Gov. Harvey of Virginia. Gov. Calvert received him with great ceremony, and for the purpose of conciliating the neighboring chiefs, gave him a banquet on board his ship, to which he also invited them. The king of Patuxent was particularly friendly to the whites, and to do him honor, he was seated between the two governors at table. An Indian, one of his subjects, coming into the cabin of the ship, and perceiving his prince thus seated, immediately suspected that some evil design was meditated against him; nothing but the repeated assurances of the chief himself could prevent him from leaping overboard to carry the alarm to shore, which might have been productive of the most fatal consequences. However, when the feast was over and the king about to depart, he addressed the surrounding Indians and said: "I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, and I had so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death; for I know they would do no such thing, except it were through my own fault." Nothing could prove more plainly than this little incident, how firmly knit was the friendship between the two races, and how different was the conduct of the settlers of Maryland, towards the natives, from that which characterized the people of many other colonies. These kindly feelings were much strengthened by the labors of the missionaries, who immediately began to teach and instruct the Indians.—*McSherry's History of Maryland.*

# HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

**LORD ERSKINE.**—"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness; and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly; they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, and placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes."

To all letters, soliciting his "subscription" to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz: "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," &c.

Erskine used to say that when the hour came that all the secrets should be revealed, we should know the reason why—shoes are always made too tight.

When he had a house at Hampstead, he entertained the very best company. I have dined there with the Prince of Wales,—the only time I ever had any conversation with his royal highness. On that occasion the Prince was very agreeable and familiar. Among other anecdotes which he told us of Lord Thurlow, I remember these two. The first was: Thurlow once said to the Prince, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular King as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but, you, sir, will never be popular."—*Rogers.*

**EXTRAORDINARY WILL.**—Mr. John Langley, an Englishman who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will:

I, John Langley, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own handwriting. I do leave all my house, goods, and farm of Black Kettle, of 253 acres, to my son, commonly called stubborn Jack, to him and his heirs forever, provided he marries a Protestant, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me "Oliver's whelp." My new buckskin breeches, and my silver tobacco stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmell, when I was shot through the leg. My said son, John, shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have, for so doing, five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table, in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best acquavita, and each one skien, dish, and knife before him; and when the liquor is out, nail up the coffin and commit me to the earth, whence I came. This is my will; witness my hand this 3d of March, 1674.

**A DUEL BETWEEN KNIGHTS OF THE SHEARS.**—A curious duel has just taken place near the town of Rander, in Denmark. The combatants were two journeymen tailors, who, after quarrelling over their cups, determined to settle the dispute in a gentleman-like manner. As no pistols were at hand, they procured two muskets, which were loaded, and the distance was fixed at 60 paces. The party considered the aggrieved party fired first, and his opponent fell to the ground. The former, thinking he had killed his man, took to his heels, when the latter, who had merely fallen from fright at the report, jumped up and ran after him, calling on him to stop, as he had a right to have his shot also. Both were shortly after arrested, and the muskets confiscated.

"**SEDLEY,**" said Charles II, "look me out a man that can't be corrupted; I have sent three treasurers to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your Majesty, I will recommend Mivert." "Mivert!" said Charles, "why, Mivert is a thief already." Therefore he cannot be corrupted, said Sedley.

A stranger riding along the road observed that the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He turned to a countryman and inquired the reason. "God bless you, sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we wern't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the fingers would be blown off them clear and clean."

PUNCH concluded a notice on the Cobden and Palmerston debate in the House of Commons on the American question in the following version of:

YANKEE DOODLE.—"Yankee Doodle, do not frown,  
Though you're brisk and bony;  
The jewels in Victoria's crown  
Ain't paste or macaroni.  
London is a pretty town,  
So is Philadelph'y;  
You shall have a sugar plum,  
And I'll have one myselfy."

A SEAMAN having his leg shattered by a ball during an engagement, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was off, it was of course immediately thrown overboard, upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg: "I'll complain of you to the captain. Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it!"

"MY son, what did you bite your brother for? Now I shall have to whip you. Don't you remember the 'Golden Rule' I taught you? If you wouldn't like to have your brother bite you, you shouldn't bite him." "Ho, mother—get out with your whipping! Remember the 'Golden Rule' yourself. If you wouldn't like me to whip you, 'taint right for you to whip me!"

THE POSTMASTER PUZZLED.—The Postmaster of Philadelphia was lately puzzled as the delivery of a mysterious letter in the office addressed to "The Finest Lady in Pennsylvania." It will, no doubt, be opened by a Clerk in the Dead Letter Office. Would it not be advisable to appoint a committee of "fine ladies" to examine and report?

SOME ONE one says that dogs bark with such zeal when we enter their master's yard, that one would suppose they owned the premises, and that their master was only a boarder.

WE lately heard of a housemaid who, about to leave a family rather unexpectedly, and urged to give a reason for it, simply said: "I can't stay, the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

"MA, what is hush?" asked a little boy "Why, dear, do you ask?" "Because I asked sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all around, like a hoop, and she said hush!"

A GENTLEMAN taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "I hope, sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying."

"I SAY, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure—your honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

A KNAVISH attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you."

## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. **ROME: ITS CHURCHES, ITS CHARITIES AND ITS SCHOOLS.** By the Rev. *Wm. H. Neligan*, LL.D., A. M. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A month ago we had the pleasure of noticing a work on Rome; again we are called to perform the same agreeable task. Mr. Maguire, in his admirable work, has placed before us Rome, under the government of the Sovereign Pontiff, and has endeavored to familiarize us with the happy fruits which flow from her numerous educational and benevolent institutions, while Father Neligan has given us rather a history of the Eternal City and of the many noble monuments of religion and charity with which it abounds. His work is, therefore, a hand-book: a most interesting guide to travelers who visit Rome.

Rome having always been the great centre of Catholicity, has ever been dear to the Catholic heart. A visit to this city, in good old Catholic times, was regarded as an extraordinary favor, and was performed with all the solemnity of a pilgrimage. But in these days of unbelief, a journey to Rome is looked upon as a part of the routine of fashionable life. Often, as the author of this excellent book well observes, useless to those who undertake it, and sometimes fraught with danger. The guide books which are composed for travelers, as a general principle, throw religion in the shade and direct the attention of the visitor to the artistic beauty of the monuments, or their connection with classical literature, and the institutions of Rome are viewed under merely a human aspect. Father Neligan, during his several visits to Rome, experienced this want of a proper guide, at least for the English-speaking Catholics visiting the metropolis of the Christian world, and entered earnestly on the task of supplying the deficiency. The book before us is the result of his labor. It contains not only a minute description, but also an accurate history of the various monuments of art, the churches and benevolent and literary institutions that adorn the Eternal City. Indeed, after a careful perusal of Father Neligan's book, the reader will have acquired far more information, and know more of Rome, than thousands of those who have visited the city. We earnestly commend it to our readers.

2. **SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.** By the author of *Lorenzo*. Translated by a Sister of Charity. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

An admirable little book for the young, and one which we would like to see in the hands of every Catholic youth in the country. From the amiable character of *Silva*, they will learn that in religion alone they will find the antidote to vice; that in the practice of virtue alone they will be enabled to triumph over the many temptations and trials to which they will be exposed in life.

Parents are under many obligations to the good Sister, to whose zeal for the instruction of youth they owe the translation. We trust they will appreciate her labors. May the prayer which she breathes forth in the preface be realized: That the "little book may be found an auxiliary in diffusing the sweet odor of virtue among the Catholic youth of the country, and in teaching them to prize more highly the precepts of their holy faith."

3. **MARTHA; OR, THE HOSPITAL SISTER.** Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another excellent little book from the same publishers. It presents to our contemplation the life of one of those angelic ladies, whose heroic conduct in serving the sick and the afflicted, has been the theme of admiration in every land—the Sisters of Charity. Ernestine, the heroine, was born of infidel parents, and was brought to a knowledge of the true faith by a singular interposition of heaven. She forsakes the



world and enters a convent of the Sisters of Charity, and for a long series of years she is found by the bedside of the sick and the afflicted—on the field of battle, and in the civil and military hospitals, like a ministering angel, bearing relief to suffering humanity.

In one of her errands of charity on the battle-field, during the siege of Antwerp, she discovered her own father, wounded and in a dying condition. With a heart burning with the most tender affection, she has him conveyed to the hospital, and has the happiness of seeing him converted to Christianity and of breathing his last in her arms.

To all, but especially to the young, it will impart many lessons of interest and instruction.

4. **ITALIAN LEGENDS AND SKETCHES.** By J. W. Cummings, D. D. N. York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is perhaps the most readable book that has been issued from the Catholic press for some years. It starts with a deep vein of interest, which is kept up to the end. With facts and truthful descriptions are blended the marvelous and wonderful; but even in those portions which are purely fictions, the moral conveyed is so striking, that the mind is forcibly impressed with a deep reverence for virtue and a hatred for vice.

In these days, when the reading of serious—we had almost said useful—works is a task from which the vast majority even of the Catholic community shrink with a species of fear and trembling, it is gratifying to witness the production of works which, while they minister to the prevailing taste, tend to improve the moral faculties, and turn the mind in the direction of virtue. Since we must have light reading, we are glad the subject has been taken up by one so competent for the task as Dr. Cummings; and on account of the very great interest we have derived from the perusal of the work before us—an interest which will be shared by every reader—we hope it will not be the last of similar productions from his gifted pen.

5. **MARY, THE MORNING STAR; OR, A MODEL OF INTERIOR LIFE.** From the Rev. John Grou's *Interieur de Marie*. Translated from the French by a member of the Ursuline Community. Philadelphia: H. McGrath. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have been much edified in perusing this excellent little book, and take great pleasure in recommending it to Catholics generally as a work well calculated to inspire devotion and enkindle in the heart renewed sentiments of love and affection for the Mother of God.

6. **CORNELL'S FIRST STEPS IN GEOGRAPHY.** By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

From a cursory glance, we are much pleased with this little work and consider it admirably adapted to the class of learners for which it is designed. In its arrangement and general matter of contents, it is superior to any other elementary geography with which we are acquainted.

7. **THE GUARDIAN**, published in Louisville; **THE MONITOR**, published in San Francisco, California.

We hail with pleasure the appearance of these new journals; and while we congratulate the Catholics of Kentucky and California on this accession to the number of Catholic journals in the country, we hope, earnestly and fervently, that they may be sustained with a zeal worthy of the high purposes for which they have been called into being.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**—*New American Cyclopædia*, Vol II. New York: Appleton & Co. We would take great pleasure in noticing this work in a manner commensurate with its importance, if furnished with the first volume. — *Exposition of the Apocalypse*. Boston: P. Donahoe.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*The London Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company*; Capital £40,000, in 40,000 shares at £1 each. We have on a former occasion briefly noticed the formation of this grand and noble enterprise for the dissemination of Catholic literature. It is now our gratifying task to record the fact that it has passed through the ordeal of its first difficulties, and may be regarded as a permanent institution. The moment the prospectus of the company appeared, the enterprise met with the most friendly encouragement from the Catholic press, and the most cordial approbation of the clergy generally and many of the most prominent of the Catholic laity of England and Ireland. They hailed the organization as one of the most important movements of our day towards stemming the torrent of pernicious and anti-Catholic publications, and of disseminating truth and diffusing among the people a wholesome Catholic literature. Coming to us thus highly endorsed, both as to its object and its organization, this company commends itself seriously to the attention of the Catholics of this country.

Already it numbers over eight hundred share-holders, embracing persons from every position in life. The company is under the management of Mr. Charles Dolman, the eminent and well-known Catholic publisher of London, who has transferred to it his extensive and valuable publications. Mr. Dolman's experience and well-known reputation, as amongst the oldest and most extensive Catholic publishers, is well calculated to inspire confidence and insure success.

Not only in England has this enterprise met with encouragement, but also on this side of the Atlantic; and in this connection we are happy to record the fact that several of the bishops of the Ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore, lately held in this city, have subscribed for stock in this company, an earnest of their desire to further its laudable object and of their confidence in its success.

At an early day we hope to be able to lay before our readers a more detailed statement of the design and the operations of this company; in the meantime we would briefly state, that by its charter the capital stock of the company is £40,000 or \$200,000 in our currency, divided into 40,000 shares at £1 or \$5 each—one-half to be paid on making application for the shares, the balance in three months; thus affording to all classes an opportunity of participating in the laudable purposes of the organization, and of sharing the profits of the investment, while no stockholder is held liable beyond the amount of his shares.

It affords us much pleasure to state that our own worthy publishers, Messrs. John Murphy & Co., have been appointed agents for the company in the United States, and are prepared to receive the names of all who may wish to subscribe for stock.

A new Catholic monthly magazine, called *The Literary Cabinet*, has been recently started in London, under the direction, we believe, of the Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company. It is a periodical to occupy a place between the *Lamp* and the *Rambler*, and is well spoken off by the English papers.

Among the works which have appeared abroad since our last number, is one which, though in form merely a criticism on the political doctrines of Kersten's *Journal Historique et Littéraire*, is really a most valuable contribution to the Catholic literature of the day, because it is for the day. This work, entitled *Somme Politique du Journal Historique*, is from the pen of Dr. A. Kempeneers, professor of canon law in the seminary at Liege. Its scope may be inferred from the following subjects: 1. The doctrine of St. Thomas and the scholastics on the origin and nature of civil power. 2. The Journal's theory. 3. Whether political forms of constitutions are of natural right. 4. Respect for authority. 5. On the independence of the civil power. 6. St. Thomas, Gregory XVI and the decree of the Index.

The position of Mr. Kersten in Catholic literature, gives the discussion additional

importance, and as has been shown, the learned Canonist of Liege goes to the very first principles of political science.

*La puissance ecclésiastique dans ses rapports avec la puissance temporelle*, is another work bearing on actual questions, which the New York Herald might read with profit, if indeed that sheet and others that are hounding on Mexican politicians to plunder the Church, were at all logical: but so long as they find that the State in Mexico has a right to church property, but that the State in New York has no right to seize the funds of the Tract and Bible Society, or the broad acres of Trinity and the Collegiate Church, we fear that all discussion of principles will be lost on them.

In ascetical literature we have *Reflections sur les Evangiles et les Epîtres des Dimanches*, by the Abbé Gimarey; a *Life of St. Thomas à Becket*, by the Abbé Darboy; *Sainte Jeanne Françoise de Chantal, modète de la jeune fille et de la jeune femme*, by the Abbé Daurignac; *L'Ange de l'Italie, nouvelle vie de St. Louis de Gonzague*, by the Abbé Boucharin, and *Poétique de la liturgie sacrée*, by Herdt of Mechlin.

In England, Lady Georgiana Fullerton has published in English, *Bonneral*, already issued in French, and there have also appeared a new edition of O'Brennan's *Ireland, The Knights of St. John, St. Dominic and the Dominicans*, and a *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*.

Mr. Maguire is about to issue a new work, a *Life of Father Matthew*, and the Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon has several new volumes of his *Lives of Irish Saints* in press.

AMERICAN.—*The Metropolitan Catholic Almanac*.—We are pleased to learn that the Right Rev. Bishops composing the Ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore, passed a resolution unanimously recommending Messrs. John Murphy & Co. to publish the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac." This work was published in Baltimore for nearly thirty years, and it is much to be regretted that its publication even in a single instance should have been removed from this, of right the "Metropolitan" city.

The action of the illustrious Prelates is a high compliment to our worthy publishers, especially as it was entirely unexpected and unsolicited on their part, and is the first instance, we believe, of a similar resolution having been passed by any of our Councils, National or Provincial. Their well known character for enterprise and ability, is a sufficient guarantee that the Almanac for '59 will be given to the public with that degree of promptness and accuracy which the importance of the work requires.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have issued Father Faber's new work, *The Foot of the Cross*; or, *The Sorrows of Mary*, and a new edition of *Balmes' great work on European Civilization*; also two juveniles, attractive tales for the young: *Silva*; or, *The Triumph of Virtue*, and *Martha*; or, *The Hospital Sister*.

In Philadelphia, Cunningham has ready the *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*, and McGrath has issued *Mary, the Morning Star*, based upon the solid work of Father Grou, "*L'intérieur de Marie*."

Dunigan has issued in New York, *Italian Legends and Sketches*, by Rev. J. W. Cummings, D. D., whom our readers will easily recognize as a former contributor to the pages of this magazine. The same house is printing the *Synods of the Diocese of Santiago de Chile*.

Sadlier has reprinted Bedford's *Life of Saint Vincent de Paul*, and are enlarging De Ligny's *Life of Christ*, by adding a *Life of St. Peter*. They have also in press, the *Raccolta*.

O'Shea has issued a new edition of Joslin's *Scenes in the Life of the Blessed Virgin*, and has in press, Crasset's *Meditations*, edited by the Rev. C. A. Walworth, recently of the order of the Most Holy Redeemer, and a sketch of the *Life and Captivity of Pope Pius VI*.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Donahoe is about to publish Cardinal Wiseman's late work, *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, which had been announced, but abandoned by the Messrs. Harper. The same publisher has also issued an *Exposition of the Apocalypse*, by a secular priest of New England, who thus treads in the steps of the celebrated Walmesley (Pastorini). We have not had an opportunity of examining this work, but we have heard it spoken of in very favorable terms by those who are capable of judging.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**PASTORAL LETTERS.**—It has been our pleasing task in the present number to present to our readers the Pastoral Letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop and the Right Rev. Bishops composing the Ninth Provincial Council, which was recently convened in this city. We refer to this important document, not to speak its praise, for it requires not our feeble commendation, but to invite to it the attentive consideration of our readers. It has instruction for all classes and for all conditions in life. Let all ponder it, and reduce to practice its salutary precepts.

We also here acknowledge the receipt of the Pastoral Letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop and the Right Rev. Bishops of the Second Provincial Council of Cincinnati. It would afford us much pleasure, if our space would permit, to insert entire this excellent letter, for the edification and instruction of our readers. Not only are its precepts applicable to the Catholics of the Province of Cincinnati, but to Catholics everywhere. The illustrious prelates speak plainly and pointedly touching the duties of the Catholic laity—their duties towards the Church; their duties towards their pastors in providing for their comfort and support; the duties of parents towards their children, in providing them with religious and secular instruction and with good and wholesome reading, and finally, their duty in supporting the *Religious Press*. The latter duty may sound harsh to the ears of those Catholics—and their name is legion—who never dream that they have a duty to perform in relation to the religious press; and lest any one should mistake us on this point, we will here insert what the Fathers of the Council said on this subject:

“This is another important duty of the laity. Here, too, we may be stimulated to exertion by the example of our separated brethren, who in general liberally support their own various sectarian papers and periodicals. The apathy and indifference of Catholics in this respect is indeed as lamentable as it is inexplicable. Why is it, we ask, that nearly all of our religious papers are permitted to languish for want of support? Is the truth less calculated to stimulate its advocates to exertion than is error? Are Catholics willing to permit misrepresentation and calumny against their holy religion and against themselves to go forth to the world uncorrected, unrebuked? Is the poison to be freely circulated without the antidote? Forbid it, love of truth; forbid it, zeal for God's Holy Church!

We entreat you then, Beloved Brethren, to awake from your lethargy in this respect, and to extend a willing and generous support to those papers and periodicals which are published, with the approval of your Chief Pastors, for the explanation and defense of our Holy Faith; especially for those which are published in your own Province or Diocese. As the Holy Father, Pius IX, says: ‘Providence seems to have given in our days a great mission to the *CATHOLIC PRESS*. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten.’

Listening to the voice of the Pontiff, suffer not so powerful a weapon as in our times and country is the Press to be wielded exclusively by your adversaries. Let your zeal for the propagation of the truth outstrip theirs for the extension of error. Give to your children wholesome reading, in approved Catholic books, papers, and periodicals, instead of the dangerous or rather positively noxious reading which an unscrupulous Press is scattering over the world. Alas! The Press now-a-days is but too often the vehicle of error and immorality, which, like a turbid torrent, is sweeping over the land! Will you do nothing to stem its violence? Will you sordidly prefer the trifling sum which a good Catholic paper would annually cost,

to the noble consciousness of having *done your duty*, by encouraging the spread of truth? We cannot suppose it for a moment. Our knowledge of your faith and zeal forbids the thought. Let every Catholic family then in the land, which is at all able—and nearly all are able—take a sound Catholic paper or periodical, and carefully preserve it on file for the reading of their children.”

Our esteemed correspondent, S. M., will please accept our acknowledgments for the following offering from his poetic pen:

### CHEER THEE, MORTAL.

Cheer thee, mortal, be contented  
In thy frail abode of clay—  
Why should earth's pleasures be lamented,  
Since predestined to decay?

O! man, why dost thou yield to sorrow,  
For earth's transient misery?  
When the dawning of to-morrow  
May usher in eternity.

Seek not comforts by abusing  
Heaven's gifts on earth below;  
With a conscience self-accusing,  
Happiness you'll never know.

If indigent be thy condition,  
Sit thee not desponding down;  
Labor is the best physician—  
Perseverance gains the crown.

If thou art lowly, poor, despised,  
Be not in thy soul depress'd;  
For such are they who sit the highest  
In the kingdom of the bless'd.

If thou hast talent, riches, honor—  
Not alone in these confide,  
But pray the world-creating donor  
To deliver thee from pride.

Pride, worst of the “deadly seven,”  
Sin by which the angels fell  
From the very highest heaven,  
To the lowest depth of hell.

Behold yon planets! view creation—  
Silly man, thy vaunting hush!  
Cast aside thy ostentation—  
Feel thy nothingness and blush.

Be not to resentment driven,  
If thee thy fellow-men abuse;  
Was the Lord of earth and heaven  
Better treated by the Jews?

Did he let his vengeance gather,  
And burst upon the demon crew?  
No, thus he pray'd: "Forgive them, Father,  
For they know not what they do."

Then blush, oh! man, for thy behaviour!  
Cast all vengeful thoughts away—  
Take example of thy Saviour;  
For thy persecutors pray.

S. M.

FAITH.—Our talented contributor, *Bernard*, thus speaks of the great, the ennobling gift of

FAITH.

The latest tremblings of the vesper song  
Up thro' the vaulted roof to God had flown,  
When forth with noiseless tread a woman stept,  
And, as she pass'd, she dipt her fingers in  
A little pool of water in a stone,  
And bending gently, touched her forehead fair,  
Hanging a crystal bend thereon, which looked  
Like to a dew-drop on a lily-bloom!

Her eyelids droop'd, as if she look'd within  
On her own heart, and found that peace was there;  
And her curved lips, scarce parted, with the one  
Beneath drawn back in sweet obedience,  
Told that the highest feeling led the rest  
In chains of mild humility and love.

Never did queenly head with jeweled crown  
Look half so fair; so fit for life, so fit  
For death, as that meek woman with the star  
Of Faith upon her unpretending brow!

Place me the heaviest doubt from skeptic brain  
Against this tiny, limpid water-drop,  
And it will be but darkness beside light,  
No, beside yes, what is not by what is.  
Or, bring the record of the highest deed  
That ever yet hath been performed by man  
Upon the battle-field—or more obscure,  
And only seen from heaven's point of view,  
On the unnoticed battle-field of life—  
And Faith will claim the treasure as her own!

Strong is the sword that love of freedom wields;  
Bear witness every land that keeps a name—  
And swift the arm that's nerved by earthly love;  
Bear witness every heart that ever loved—  
But stronger, swifter, more enduring far  
The thought that links the spirit to her God!

BERNARD.

## RECORD OF EVENTS.

*From April 20th, to May 20th, 1858.*

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—The solemnities of Holy Week and Easter Sunday were celebrated with the usual grand and imposing ceremonies. On Passion Sunday, the annual procession in honor of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors took place, as usual, in the parish of Santa Maria in Va. The procession went through a great part of the Corso, and through the Plaza Colonna, amidst a great crowd of pious and religious faithful. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried by twenty-four men, on an immense altar surrounded by candelabras. To form any idea of the religious impression caused by this ceremony, it is absolutely needful to become an eye-witness.

On the same day, in the Apostolical Palace, a Papal Chapel was held, as is usual during Lent. Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Marinelli, Bishop of Porphyry, and Sacristan to His Holiness; the sermon was preached by the Procurator-General of the Order of Servites, Father Ronchini. On Friday, His Holiness, after hearing the sermon of the apostolic preacher, the Rev. Father de Trento, went, accompanied by the Cardinals and all the members of the Pontifical Court, to offer up his prayers for the last time during Lent at the several accustomed stations in the Basilica of the Vatican, and to venerate the relics exposed on the high altar, among which is a part of the true Cross. On the day of the festival of the Annunciation, a Papal Chapel was held in the church of the Supra Minerva, at which His Holiness assisted, together with the whole of the Pontifical Court, in full ceremonials. Crowds pressed around the Holy Father on his way, and the windows and balconies of the houses on the route were hung with tapestry and flags, and the Sovereign Pontiff was everywhere received with the liveliest acclamations.

The 12th of April, being the third anniversary of the Holy Father's almost miraculous escape on the occasion of the falling of the flooring in the Convent of St. Agnes, His Holiness went to the scene of this occurrence and offered up the holy sacrifice of Mass in the church which contains the tomb of St. Agnes. Nearly all those who were present on that memorable occasion, were students of the Propaganda. The whole members of the college were invited and received the holy communion from the hands of the venerable Pontiff.

SARDINIA.—A misunderstanding seems to exist between Sardinia and Naples, and open hostilities are anticipated. Angry notes had passed between the two governments, and both have been making warlike preparations. All the Sardinian officers on leave of absence in foreign countries, have been recalled.

FRANCE.—The acquittal of Bernard produced a great sensation in Paris. The papers only give partial accounts of the proceedings, and omit almost entirely the speech of his counsel. The Paris correspondent of the *London Post* says the Emperor and his advisers do not regard with indifference the encouragement the result will give conspirators, but no exciting language will be employed by the French press to create indignation. Still some of the papers were very severe in their comments. The director of the *Constitutionnel* was dismissed for the violence of his article on the subject. This apparent desire on the part of the Emperor to avoid giving any offence to England, is no doubt feigned; he only awaits the favorable moment to give vent to his indignant and outraged feelings.



It is stated that a new European Congress will shortly assemble at Paris to settle several points of difference which have grown up between the various governments. Elections for members of the Corps Legislatif were announced as shortly to take place, but nothing definite is known as to the purpose of the republican candidates.

A disturbance lately occurred at the Irish Ecclesiastical College in Paris, which has given rise to various statements. It seems that the outbreak was occasioned by the expulsion by the Superior of the college, of two professors. The porter received orders not to admit them within the gate: they managed, however, to gain access to their rooms. The police were sent to the spot by order of the Minister of Public Instruction. It was then that the agitation commenced, and the students, about seventy or eighty in number, revolted, and insisted that the professors should not be ejected from the house. The commissaries of police and an employee from the office of the Minister of Public Instruction were called upon to force the order of expulsion. The professors were finally removed, and a committee appointed to investigate and report on the whole affair, the particulars of which will shortly be given to the public.

ENGLAND.—The trial of Bernard for being concerned in the late attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, terminated in his acquittal. This trial and its result, is one of the most important political events which have lately taken place in the country. It plainly demonstrates two things: First, that the trial of an English jury is a mere farce; and secondly, that there is, after all the professions of friendship, a deep-seated prejudice in the minds of the English people against France and Napoleon III. The whole trial was extraordinary. The prisoner's counsel having no evidence on which he could ground the slightest hope of acquittal, appealed to the national prejudice of the jury, and entered into a most violent abuse of the French Emperor. The prisoner himself, just as the jury were about to retire, sprang to his feet and with much warmth of tone and vehemence of gesture, thus addressed them:

"I declare that the words which have been spoken or quoted by the judge, with reference to the balls, are not correct, and that the balls which were taken by Giorgi to Brussels, were not those which were used in Paris. I have brought no evidence here, because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not a hirer of assassins, and that Rudio, as he stated on his trial in Paris, himself asked to be sent to Orsini. I declare that I have not hired assassins, and that of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January, there was nothing in my heart more than in that of any one here. My only wish is to crush despotism and tyranny everywhere. To effect that I have conspired, and I will conspire ever, because it is my duty, my sacred duty, and the duty of every lover of liberty to do so. But never, never will I be a murderer."

At the close of this address the jury retired, and after an absence of little over an hour, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The scene that followed is thus described by a writer who was present:

On the announcement of this decision a scene occurred unexampled, perhaps, in an English tribunal. From the gallery first, and in an instant afterward from the floor of the court, proceeded a loud shout of exultation. The cheering was again and again repeated, the excitement was contagious, and many ladies of quality present waved their handkerchiefs in token of delight. Vainly did the chief justice endeavor by voice and gesture to still the tumult, and as powerless were the stentorian lungs of Mr. Harker, though exerted to the utmost to restore silence. The prisoner, who was extremely excited, flourished his white pocket handkerchief over his head, and several times attempted to speak. By this time the verdict had reached the ears of the crowd assembled outside of the Old Bailey, and the rapturous cheer which they raised, and afterward repeated, could be distinctly heard within the court. The judges, unable, and perhaps unwilling to check this spontaneous ebullition of popu-

lar feeling, but yet not liking to sanction it by their presence, rose to depart. The look of Lord Campbell at this moment was of itself a study. Slightly ruffled at the defiance which had been shown to his authority, his lordship still retained his good humor, and seemed disposed to yield a momentary homage to the *vox populi*. It may be reasonably presumed that he could not have been indifferent to the result of a trial in which he had played so conspicuous a part; but whatever his feelings may have been in that respect, it was impossible for a spectator to divine them from his countenance.

Bernard at length made a successful attempt to be heard, and, addressing the jury, said, with much vehemence of manner:

Gentlemen, that verdict is an expression of the truth; I am not guilty; and it proves that in England there is and always will be liberty which will crush tyranny, whatever and wherever it may be. All honor to an English jury! [Renewed cheers.]

Among the proceedings in parliament, which were not important, the Irish Tenants' Compensation Bill gave rise to a most animated discussion, but no final action was taken on it.

The Duke de Malakoff, the newly appointed ambassador from France, arrived in England on the 15th of April. He was received with the usual honors due to his position, and in reply to an address from the corporation of Dover, said it would be his earnest desire to preserve the friendly relations at present existing between England and France.

**SWITZERLAND.**—*Attempts at Persecution.*—Persecution in some form or other on account of their holy religion, seems to be the fate of the Swiss Catholics. The province of Argau is at present under the control of M. Keller, as president, whose only distinguishing quality is his hatred of Catholicity. Not content with having secularized the convents and the Jesuit Colleges, he has attempted to secularize the clergy, and has even carried his zeal so far for the good of the church, as to wish to secularize the *Saints*. A correspondent of the *Univers* gives the following details in relation to his arbitrary proceedings:

“Following on an order of the Holy See, renewed some years ago, the Catholic Priests announced publicly mixed marriages only when the parties presented a pontifical dispensation. This dispensation was granted by the intervention of the bishops under three conditions: 1st. That the children should be educated in the Catholic religion. 2d. That the Catholic party should enjoy the free practice of his or her religion. 3d. That the Catholic party should endeavor to enlighten the Protestant party, and make him or her embrace Catholicism. The new Federal legislation harmonizes with the pontifical order, inasmuch as it does not enjoin Catholic Priests to share in an act that their conscience condemns. It permits the publication of mixed marriages by the civil officer, in case the priest refuses it. This is the present rule all over Switzerland. But M. Keller, wishing, no doubt, to flatter Protestants, has decided by a governmental decree that in the canton of Argau, the priests must publish *all* mixed marriages, without exacting the ecclesiastical dispensation; in case of refusal he mulcts the priests in a penalty of fifty francs for each case on each Sunday, which makes 2,600 francs per annum for a single case, and so on. The bishop of the diocese hastened to protest against this iniquitous measure to the government of Argau, and at the same time referred the matter to the Holy See; the government, despising the intervention of the bishop, has executed its ordinance for the first time. The ecclesiastic punished is the worthy Cure and Canon Rohner, a priest aged seventy years, who has courageously refused to publish a mixed marriage for which the Catholic party did not produce the dispensation. After Mass, the faithful handed the fifty francs to their venerable pastor, that the fine might not be put upon him. The faithful are everywhere combining to sustain their priests against

the requirements of M. Keller, in order that they may take their part in the persecution which threatens their pastors.

M. Keller's evident aim is to force the Holy See to new concessions about mixed marriages. 2d. To oppress the faithful priests by depriving them of their means, which is called secularizing their property. 3d. To curry favor with Protestants, which he, a Catholic Radical, requires to keep himself in power.

M. Keller pushes his zeal so far as to wish to secularize even our Saints. As president of the Catholic Ecclesiastical Council, he is continually calling for the suppression of holidays. By official and officious proceedings, he has succeeded in obtaining (by the intercession of the bishop, who feared still worse excesses from this Radical despot), a Brief from the Holy See, dispensing with two feasts (St. Joseph's and the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady) for ten years.

On St. Joseph's Day this year, the Landamman wished the canton of Argau to profit by the dispensation, but the immense majority refused categorically, saying they had never asked M. Keller to get them the dispensation, and that they would not use it. In almost all the parishes the feast of St. Joseph was celebrated more solemnly than ever, and the faithful are signing an address to the bishop, begging him to explain to the Holy See the true sentiments of Catholics on this point."

SPAIN.—Political matters are quiet. The Cortez lately passed a bill authorizing the raising and arming of 25,000 men. A somewhat singular bill regulating the honors to be given to illustrious men, passed the same body. The monuments which the state shall decree at its own expense, are not to be erected until forty or fifty years after the death of the individual. The monuments which private persons would raise are to be confined to the church yard.—A very deplorable event has occurred, which has excited the entire city. General Verdugo was assassinated at two o'clock in the open day, by one of the secret police. They met in the street del Carmen, and after some altercation about a private affair, Revero, the secret police officer, ran his sword quite through Verdugo's body. He was carried into a neighboring house, and every care was lavished on him, but it is feared his wounds are of too grave a nature to admit of his life being saved. The assassin was immediately secured, and an armed force was necessary to protect him, or the populace would have taken vengeance on the spot.

PRUSSIA.—The health of the king is still very feeble. It was thought that he would take a journey to Italy, but this has been abandoned and he has now determined to remove to Potsdam, where he will spend some time. Prince Frederick, with his young bride, will shortly leave Berlin for Potsdam.

AUSTRIA.—The ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor men by the Emperor of Austria, took place in the palace of Vienna on Holy Thursday, according to custom. The proceedings commenced with prayer, and were closed by a dinner, in which each of the twelve men was allowed four plates of meat, a dessert, and a glass of excellent wine; each was besides presented with a suit of clothes cut in the style of the middle ages, a small sum in money, and a pewter goblet, bearing a suitable inscription.

IRELAND.—Seldom have we met with, even in Ireland, a more heartless case of religious persecution than that which was lately exercised against a poor man named John Byrne, of Inniskeen, and his family. Mr. Byrne was a tenant on the estate of Col. Lewis, had regularly paid his rent, and was in every way a worthy man, and his only and sole offence was a refusal to send his children to a bigoted, sectarian school, established by his landlord on his estate. A suit of ejectment was brought by Lewis and sustained, and the unhappy victim, with his wife and children, ruth-

lessly cast forth upon the highway. A correspondent of the *Dublin Tablet* gives the following particulars of the closing scene of the drama:

"About ten o'clock yesterday morning, the neighborhood was aroused from its ordinary quiet by the appearance of the *brigade*, accompanied by a large force of constabulary. It appears that orders had been despatched from head-quarters to the different police stations, and accordingly strong detachments from different directions might be seen about the hour specified advancing towards the doomed cottage of John Byrne. The sub-sheriff of the county of Monaghan, Mr. Wright, accompanied by Col. Lewis' agent, Mr. Downey, arrived at Inniskeen by the early train. Near the scene of action they were joined by the Drumboat and Coolaville detachments of police, and shortly after Captain Barry, the district inspector, arrived and placed himself at their head. Without any loss of time the force was arrayed with all imaginable strategic formality, as though the conquest to be achieved were one of no ordinary difficulty. One portion was commanded to keep the cross-roads, not far distant from the fated cottage, while the other detachment, accompanied by the sheriff, agent, bailiffs, &c., proceeded to the "scene of action," where they found Byrne, his wife, and family, in what was once their cherished home. Byrne once more offered all rents and costs due, and asked to be left in possession of his farm. But there was no mercy for him. In a word, because he would not surrender his children to the secular and religious instructions of a fanatical Scripture-reader, himself, his wife and nine children, were yesterday turned out of house and home, and, for all the colonel and his minions cared, left to perish on the high road! The most pitiable object in the scene was the poor mother. In her desperation and distraction she exclaimed that she would not leave. The sheriff's man then seized her, and, in resigning herself to her fate, she exclaimed: 'Thanks be to God, we are not driven out on the world for not paying our rent, or for any other crime, but because we would not deny our religion and send our souls to perdition. If we have to beg the world, no child of our's shall ever enter your filthy school.'"

We are pleased to learn that a subscription has been raised in this city in aid of Mr. Byrne and his family, by a number of his generous-hearted countrymen, and remitted to him through the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam. May this "substantial" manner of expressing sympathy be followed by others.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*The Consecration of the Right Rev. Augustine Verot, U. A.* On the 25th of April, the Right Rev. Augustine Verot, Bishop elect of Danaba, *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar Apostolic of East Florida, was consecrated in the Metropolitan Church of Baltimore. The desire to witness the solemn ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and the universal interest entertained towards the new prelate, attracted to the Cathedral a vast assemblage of persons. At ten o'clock, the long procession of clergy accompanied the officiating prelates to the Sanctuary. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore was the consecrator, and was attended by the Very Rev. H. B. Coskery, as assistant Priest; the Rev. Messrs. McNally and McManus, as deacons of honor, with the Rev. Messrs. Flamman and Disez, as deacon and sub-deacon of office. The Rev. Mr. Foley, of the Cathedral, and the Rev. Mr. Dubreul, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were the chaplains of the Archbishop. The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, and the Right Rev. Dr. Barry, of Savannah, were the assistant Bishops, and were attended respectively by their chaplains, the Rev. John F. Hickey and the Rev. Wm. D. Parsons. The Bishop elect had the Very Rev. B. Madeore, of St. Augustine, Florida, and the Rev. Alexius J. Elder, for his chaplains. After the reading of the papal *mandatum*, the right of consecration was proceeded with in strict accordance with the Roman Pon-

tifical. The Mass was in the Gregorian chaunt, and admirably sung by the Seminarians of St. Sulpice. The Rev. Mr. Ferte, of the Seminary, was master of ceremonies, assisted by several gentlemen of the same institution. Besides the distinguished prelates who took part in the ceremonies, the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, the learned and eloquent Bishop of Charleston, was present in the Sanctuary, together with a large number of the clergy of the city.

After the Gospel was sung, the Rev. Dr. C. I. White, of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon, taking for his text the last verse of St. Matthew.—*Abridged from the Mirror.*

*Meeting of the Provincial Council.*—We take the following condensed account of the Provincial Council recently held in this city, from one of the daily papers:

The Ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore assembled at the Cathedral in Baltimore on Sunday morning, May 2d. The ceremonies attending the opening of the session were of a very solemn and impressive character. The prelates assembled as usual at the residence of the Archbishop, and at 10 o'clock a line of procession was formed, the Bishops and attendant clergy all clad in their robes. The eight Bishops in attendance were each accompanied by one or more theologians, who, together with the clergy of the city to the number of about forty, with the members of the Loyola and St. Alphonsus societies, and the Superiors of the Orders of Jesuits, Lazarists, Redemptorists, Dominicans, and Franciscans, combined to form a most imposing and attractive spectacle, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators. The members of the Young Catholic Friends' Society were also in attendance in large numbers, each wearing a white ribbon in the lappel of their coats, and acting as an escort to the procession. They passed around to the front entrance of the Cathedral, and passed up the main aisle to the altar, chanting the usual services of the church for such occasions.

The following were the Bishops in attendance: Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg; Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond; Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, Pa.; Right Rev. Dr. Barry, Bishop of Savannah; Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston; Right Rev. Dr. Verot, Bishop of Florida.

The Right Rev. Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling, being in Europe, was absent. The Mitred Abbot Weummer, of the Benedictine Convent of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, occupied a seat with the Bishops.

A number of the Reverend Clergy were present as theologians to the Bishops and as officers of the Council; also, the Reverend Superiors of the several Catholic orders.

On reaching the sanctuary the services commenced with a solemn pontifical mass, the Most Rev. Archbishop being the celebrant, with the Very Rev. H. B. Coskery as assistant priest.

The opening sermon was delivered by Bishop McGill, of Richmond, on the authority of the Church, taking his text from the 17th verse of the 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, viz: "And if he neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church; but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." The sermon was able and argumentative, and was listened to with deep interest both by the clergy and the large concourse of persons present, filling the vast edifice to its utmost capacity, even the aisles being thronged from the door to the altar.

After the sermon the Council was organized by the profession of faith on the part of the Bishops, and the reading of a portion of the decrees of the Council of Trent, with the ceremonies and forms usual to the occasion.

The second public session of the Council was held on the following Thursday, at which a solemn High Mass was offered up for the souls of the deceased prelates of

the Province. The Right Rev. Bishop Verot celebrated Mass, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Edward J. Sourin, S. J. The closing session of the Council was held in the Cathedral on the 9th of May, with the usual imposing ceremonies. The holy sacrifice was offered by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia, and the concluding sermon preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston. The Most Rev. Archbishop also delivered a short address, stating that the usual ceremony of publicly signing the decrees would not take place, as the Council had not found it necessary to pass any new decrees, but earnestly commended the strict observance of those already in being. The illustrious prelates concluded their labors by a Pastoral, addressed to the clergy and laity, breathing the most paternal affection, and abounding with the most salutary instruction.

2. DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—*The Provincial Council.*—The second Provincial Council of Cincinnati was opened in the Cathedral of that city on the first Sunday of May. It was composed of the following prelates: Most Rev. John Baptist Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Peter Paul LeFevre, Bishop of Detroit; Right Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville; Right Rev. Amadeus Rappe, Bishop of Cleveland; Right Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, Bishop of Vincennes; Rt. Rev. George Aloysius Carrell, Bishop of Covington; Right Rev. Frederic Baraga, Bishop of Sault St. Marie; Right Rev. Henry Leurs, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

The heads of two religious orders were also present, namely, the Very Rev. Jas. Whelan, the Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic, and the Very Rev. Father Otho, Superior of the Franciscans.

The solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop. The opening sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville. At the conclusion of the holy sacrifice, the *Veni Creator* was sung and the Council opened with the usual ceremonies. On Thursday the second public session was held, and on the Sunday following the Council closed its labors by a solemn pontifical mass and a sermon by the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville.

"On Thursday, May 6th," says the *Telegraph*, "Mount St. Mary's Seminary and College was honored by a visit from the Right Rev. Prelates of the Provincial Council. They were welcomed on their arrival by the faculty of the institutions; and after being shown into the reception-room, permitted first the Seminarians, and next the *Alumni* of the college, to visit them, and in neat and dutiful addresses, to ask their paternal blessing. The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, in the name of all the prelates, was pleased to express his approbation of the sentiments the young men had expressed, and to exhort them to that robust, intelligent and energetic faith, which is, to the world, the most convincing proof of the truth of religion, because, in the living evidence that they who choose God for their portion know all sides of the question, there is an unanswerable rebuke to that pride which foolishly despises the Cross.

Shortly after dinner, the Right Rev. Prelates were pleased to assemble in the study-hall of the seminary, and to examine some of the Seminarians in their Theological studies. The answers elicited approbation. A *defense*, in the scholastic form, was the test in Dogmatic Theology, and some difficult cases in the *Treatise de Justitia et jure* proved the proficiency of the students in the department of Moral Theology.

About three o'clock, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Most Rev. Archbishop, at which the seminary choir sang Father Weninger's *Regina Cali* and other sacred canticles.

After the benediction the Right Rev. Prelates separated, accompanied by the fervent prayers of all the members of Mount St. Mary's of the West."

On the same day, the Most Rev. Archbishop and the Right Rev. Bishops composing the Council, visited the boys' school attached to the Cathedral, thus manifesting the deep interest they feel in the education of the young.



*House of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati.*—There are now forty-four penitents in this admirable asylum, where, in many instances, a wonderful transformation is almost daily witnessed. Last Thursday, three of the "children" consecrated themselves, in presence of a deeply interested audience, to serve Almighty God with special fidelity, and in a particular costume reminding them of their consecration, for one year. After this affecting ceremony, one of the novices of the Sisterhood made a solemn and irrevocable profession. She prostrated herself on the floor of the choir in presence of all the community, the penitents, and the invited friends of the institution. A sable pall, with a large white cross, was spread over her, and little children strewed flowers while the "*Libera me Domine*" and the "*Requiem Æternam*" were chanted by solemn and impressive voices, aided by the organ, as in the service for the dead. When the profession was ended, three of the penitents—one a native of Cincinnati, another of Indiana, and another of Germany—after having learned all the catechism and manifested the most satisfactory evidence of good dispositions, received baptism, Mrs. Capt. Rosecrans, Mrs. Gardiner Waters, converts, and Miss McCawley were the sponsors. The Most Rev. Archbishop presided at the ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Father Oakley, S. J., rector of St. Xavier College, and Rev. Mr. Hengehold, pastor of St. Augustine's and director of the House of the Good Shepherd. The tears of the assistants flowed freely at the various scenes that succeeded one another during the proceedings, and impressions were made, which, as we have heard remarked, death only will obliterate.—*Telegraph*.

*Ordinations.*—On Saturday the 17th April, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred the sacred order of priesthood upon four candidates, in the Cathedral of St. Peter.

The young priests were all Germans, ordained for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. They were:—Rev. Ber. Jos. Menge, of Osnabruck, in the diocese of Osnabruck, who said his first mass on Sunday, at St. Augustine's on Bank street, where he will be stationed as the assistant of the Rev. Mr. Hengehold. The Rev. Bernard Gels, of Meppen, also of Osnabruck, who officiated on Sunday, at Holy Trinity Church, on Fifth street. The Rev. Henry Boeker, of Meppen, who celebrated the Holy Mysteries at St. Paul's Church, on Sunday. The Rev. J. Schiff, of Treves, who first offered the Holy Sacrifice in St. Joseph's Church, on Lion street, where he preached in the evening. The Catholics of Cincinnati are thankful to God for sending these laborers into the harvest.—*Ibid*.

3. *DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.*—The best evidence of the increase of Catholicity is the increase of churches. These we see springing up in every locality, and especially in those places where the opposition to our holy religion raged with the greatest violence. The Catholics of Louisville had lately the happiness to witness the laying of the corner-stone of another new church, to be erected under the patronage of St. John. The Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville delivered an eloquent discourse on the occasion. The Right Rev. Bishop Miles of Nashville performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, and blessing the foundation of the new edifice.

4. *DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.*—*Laying the Corner-stone of a New Church.*—On Low Sunday, April 11th, by special request of the Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, our worthy Bishop was present at the laying of the corner-stone of a new German Catholic Church in New Albany, Indiana. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Siegrist, pastor of the German Catholic congregation at Indianapolis. At its close, the Bishop preached an impressive sermon on the stability and characteristics of the true Church; after which a handsome collection was taken up for the new fabric. The exercises were closed by an excellent sermon in German by the Rev. S. Siegrist. Though the rain poured down in torrents, and the vicinity of the new church was almost impassable on account of the mud, yet our German brethren turned out in



great numbers. There must have been four or five hundred present, in spite of the elements.

The new church will be a handsome structure, about 120 feet long by 50 feet broad, in the Byzantine style of architecture.—*Guardian*.

5. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—*Laying the Corner-Stone of a New Church and College.*—The corner-stone of the Church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception was laid on Tuesday morning, April 27th, in conformity with the requirements of the Roman Pontifical, by the Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, D. D., Bishop of Boston, assisted by his Secretary, Rev. James A. Healy, and several other clergymen.


The church will be built in the Ionic order of architecture; the sanctuary and chapels will be finished in the Corinthian order; the college buildings will be of the modern composite order. The church is to be 201 feet in length and 88 feet wide; the side walls 66 feet in height, the ridge of the roof 94 feet above the surface; the basement will be 12 feet high, the nave ceiling 70 feet, the aisle ceiling 43 feet. The two college buildings will be 90 feet long and 60 feet wide each, connected by a building 25 feet by 40 feet, to be used as a library, cabinet, &c.; the college buildings will be four stories high over the basement story.

6. **DIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—*Consecration of a New Church.*—The solemn consecration of the beautiful church of St. Alphonsus, in the city of New Orleans, took place on the 25th of April. The imposing ceremonies were performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, assisted by the venerable Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, the Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natchez, and the Right Rev. Bishop Odin, of Galveston; besides a large number of the reverend clergy. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Natchez.

7. **DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.**—From a letter published in the *Chicago Daily Times*, from the Right Rev. Bishop O'Regan, now in Rome, we learn that the Right Rev. Prelate has resigned his See, and that his resignation has been accepted.

8. **DIOCESE OF COVINGTON.**—*Ordination.*—Lambert D. Wille received at St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Ky., the Tonsure, Minor Orders and Subdiaconship on Tuesday, March 22; on Wednesday, Diaconship; and on the Feast of Annunciation, 25th March, the Holy Order of Priesthood, at the hands of Right Rev. Geo. A. Carrell.

The corner-stone of a new Church, St. John the Baptist, was laid with the prescribed ceremonies, on Sunday, 18th of March, on Mount St. John, three miles back of Newport at four o'clock in the afternoon. Sermon in English by the Bishop of Covington; in German by the Rev. F. Fox of St. Philomena's Church.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

 We have been obliged to omit for the want of space a large portion of our domestic intelligence.

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**OBITUARY.**—Died, on the 23d of April, in this city, the Rev. FRANCIS BUCANT, Priest of the Most Holy Redeemer. The deceased was a native of Canada, and was ordained in 1854.

On the 24th of April, at Minster, Ohio, of consumption, the Rev. JOSEPH BITSTEIN, in the 28th year of his age.

Recently, in the city of Buffalo, the Rev. JOHN RYAN, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 30th of April, at the Monastery, Loretto, Pa., Brother STEPHEN, a religious of the Third Order of St. Francis. The deceased was a native of Mexico.

*May they rest in peace.*